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"Apocryphal Gospel"

JESUS THE UNKNOWN. By Dmitri Merejkowski. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

"The New Testament of Our Lord
Jesus Christ.
Translated into Russian.
St. Petersburg, 1890."

A small book in 32mo, 626 double-columned pages of small print, bound in black leather, which, according to the "1902" inscribed on the title page, has, in this year of 1932, been in my possession for thirty years. I read it daily, and shall continue to read it so long as my eyes can see, and by every kind of light, by rays coming from the sun or from the heart, on brightest days and in blackest nights, happy or unhappy, sick or well, full of faith or doubt, full of feeling or devoid of feeling. And it seems to me that there is always something new in what I read, something unfathomed, and that I shall never plumb its depths or reach its end.

THESE are Merejkowski's credentials as he presents them in this book on Jesus. We respect them, since there are no substitutes. The Bible, and in particular the Gospel story, has suffered in recent years the fate which has overtaken most classics; we read books about it, we no longer read the original. Merejkowski's words serve to recall us to the sources. If we wish to know the truth of Jesus of Nazareth, there is no better method than to read and reread the Gospels. Contrary to popular report the Gospels are more nearly self-explanatory than pedantry would have us suppose. The most rigorous New Testament scholar I have ever known said, at the end of a long life spent on this literature, "There is no important truth about Jesus which may not be had by any one who will read the King James version of the Gospel of Mark with open eyes." The crux of the matter is Merejkowski's qualifying words, "so long as my eyes can see."

If the author had not feared that in so doing he would lay himself open to misinterpretation, he might have called his book more accurately, "The Apocryphal Jesus." He cites the apocryphal gospels, which were excluded from the Canon, as his literary precedent and warrant. But he insists that the term shall be accurately defined to designate, not a false gospel, but a "hidden gospel." The hidden or apocryphal Jesus of whom he writes is therefore one who is recreated by devout imagination. He distinguishes in his chapters between statements which profess to

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Tragedy

By THEODORE MAYNARD

PITY the hippopotamus!
Ugly enough he seems to us,
And yet the hide that plates each part
Purses a very tender heart.

An aching heart—or why those eyes
Complaining to the cruel skies
That, though he longs, he has no hope
To leap the nimble antelope.

Birds perch upon him. On what wings
Dare he aspire? And radiant things
Strut, bloom and flash by the river side:
His finest instincts are denied.

Though vast his skull, his wits are dim:
No irony can comfort him,
Nor can he ease his aching heart
By turning anguish into art.

GERMAN WRITERS EXILED IN SWITZERLAND
From left: Emil Ludwig, Count Metternich, Thomas Mann, Erich Maria Remarque, Ludwig's son, and Ernst Toller.

Who Killed Adam Smith?

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IT is a truism that most men are insular in their thinking. But to call the thought of Cobden, Adam Smith, and other formulators of the theory of international liberalism "insular" would seem, on the face of it, to be a contradiction in terms. However, no group of thinkers was ever more strictly insular than the Manchester philosophers of the Free Trade movement. All of their leading ideas were shaped by the matrix of the relatively tiny island off the northwest coast of Europe which happened to possess iron and coal in close proximity in the ground and which chanced to have the inventive genius to harness steam and to provide the first effective industrial machines.

The Manchester thinkers, as Clark Foreman shows in an able, closely knit little book, "The New Internationalism,"* mistook a temporary position for an eternal dispensation. As their school formulated its thought, it stipulated the desirability of a natural division of labor, with various countries growing, producing, and manufacturing commodities that were native to the land and the genius thereof. These commodities, and various services, could then be exchanged freely among the individuals of the nations, with benefits diffusing themselves naturally over the widest possible area. Governments, if you please, had best keep their hands off the process. Of course, the long procession of Clives, "Chinese" Gordons, and Kitcheners, agents of Empire, completely belied the Cobden theory of trade without governmental intervention.

On a "Crusoe economics" or a barter basis, Free Trade is extremely sensible. But the doctrine of its desirability cannot be considered apart from the problem of debt and the problem of price levels. The professors who, like Henry Pratt Fairchild, argue for Free Trade by presenting the Crusoe economics analogy woefully miss the point; they are speaking of a wholly illusory or hypothetical world that exists without bankers, without idle capital seeking an outlet where interest charges are high and investments are relatively safe. Or, it may be, they are talking of an equally hypothetical world of proprietary capitalists, all pupils of Henry Ford or Andrew Carnegie, men who own their own industries without encumbrances and who are thereby enabled to shut up shop and wait for the storm to blow over when they can't sell the goods. (This hypothetical world would be one in which unemployed workers could miraculously return to the land and make a living for themselves while the proprietary capitalists were hibernating.) Free Trade must fall into a pit every time price levels drop, leaving debt levels at the mercy of chance until a protected market can somehow bring price and debt into alignment.

When the industrial revolution was getting under way in England, the Manchester philosophers didn't have to worry particularly about debt and price levels. For (again as Mr. Foreman demonstrates) England had a peculiar monopoly position. She was at once the world's manufacturer and the world's money lender. Theoretically, she could buy her raw materials from countries of colonial status, ship them to Liverpool in her own bottoms, transform them (with her own cheap labor, dispossessed from the land) into finished goods, and then sell the finished goods abroad. If England ultimately imported more than she exported, she could more than balance the payments for the excess of imports by the income from her growing investments abroad. Thus there was no debilitating drain upon the national currency.

But the delusion that foreign lending can perpetuate the conditions necessary for free exchange of goods, which is peculiarly attractive to Twentieth Century Manchesterians like Sir Arthur Salter, cannot last forever. When Adam Smith was writing (the year was that of the American Declaration of Independence), it was generally assumed that the United States was destined always to be an agricultural country and therefore, as Mr. Foreman says, "always willing to sell raw materials to Great Britain and to buy from her manufactured goods." In other words, the United States, under British Free Trade doctrine, was unconsciously

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* *THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM. By Clark Foreman. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* 1934. $1.75.

A German Liberal's Flight into Egypt

I WAS A GERMAN. By Ernst Toller. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

THERE is, about Ernst Toller's latest book, a strange remoteness. Once upon a time, one thinks as one reads it, men were like this; once upon a time men thought like this; felt like this; believed like this. It is then a shock to realize that Toller is only forty years old, and that in this memoir he looks back upon his life from the age of thirty. It is the *apologia pro vita sua* of a very young man, and yet he writes of a world which seems already to belong to ages far past.

Not long ago the writer of this review had to make a baccalaureate address to a High School, and that experience was similar to the experience of reading Toller's book. For I am just about Toller's age, and looking at those seventeen year olds, I suddenly relived my own adolescence, especially my mental adolescence, and realized acutely that hardly a thought or conception which dominates the world of my youth obtains in the world today. Ours was a world of faith, hope, passionate belief in evolution—and in evolutionary socialism—confidence that wars would be abolished, that reason would prevail, and that man was certainly going onward and upward forever. Toller, in Europe, might well have imagined the war. Neither Toller nor any member of his generation could have imagined the form it would take, and none of our generation could have imagined the peace, the decade following the armistice, or the decade in which we now are, heralded by Oswald Spengler as the beginning of an epoch of world wars, in which man returns to his true nature. "I shall say it again and again! Man is a beast of prey!" cries Spengler, while contemporary history terribly confirms the assertion.

Ernst Toller is forty years old, a German, a Jew, a playwright, a poet, an ex-soldier who fought in front line trenches, an ex-revolutionary, an ex-prisoner, and, at this moment, an expatriate and an exile. He was born a rather fortunate youth, for although he was a Jew, and even in

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Who Killed Adam Smith?

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condemned to eternal colonial status. The Free Trade intellectuals of the end of the nineteenth century in America were, unwittingly, supporters of this position. It would be idiotic to say that E. L. Godkin of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation* was bought by "British gold," yet if he had had his way the American industrial machine would not have been built so rapidly—and the American farmer would not have been compelled to buy ploughs and clothing in a protected market and sell his wheat in a competitive world market, much to the detriment of his pocketbook and the enrichment of Mr. Carnegie's. This might have been highly desirable; but the point here is that it would have pleased England mightily, for it would have meant the continuation of the industrial subordination of the North American continent.

However, this was not to be, as Mr. Foreman demonstrates with a learning that easily assimilates thinkers as diverse as Marx and John Maynard Keynes. For industrial profits mean surplus aggregates of capital at home; and English money went into the building of the American railroads. This was step number one in "industrializing the customer," which is what defeats internationalism in the end. Step by step over a century, Mr. Foreman shows, foreign lending helped to give the industrial revolution a foothold in the United States, Germany, China, Japan. And one by one, nations that would not accept colonial status went in for protected home markets. The nature of the system, says Mr. Foreman, called for more and more backward areas to absorb excess capital, to provide raw materials, and to purchase the finished goods. Yet no way has been found, in the twentieth century, to open up the backward area of the moon or the planets. And today we are witnessing the culmination of the process; we see Japan selling textile goods in the Far East below the price which must

And to crown the irony, we listen to the squawks of the Manchester manufacturers as they protest to the politicians about "unfair" practices by the Japanese.

In practice, it has thus been demonstrated in the very home of liberal internationalism that protection is the normal instinctive reaction of commercial man faced by unequal soil, technological, climatic, monetary, and population conditions. Theoretically, a Free Trade world must, by definition, be one in which men can migrate at will as the soil is used up or the natural advantages of a region alter. It would be a world in which the Japanese, crowded into a tiny kingdom at home, could pull up stakes and move to Australia. It would be a world in which miners or factory workers, at a disadvantage because of the disappearance of local resources, could get out into places that offered more opportunity. But any student of the immigration laws can tell you that no such world exists. This means, in practice, that the labor "variable" in the Free Market cannot shift at will; it also means that countries must "take care of their own." Great Britain, in a hundred years of supremacy, built up a fairly strong labor movement, used to good wages and social services. These high wages naturally depend on price levels maintaining themselves, both at home and abroad. If Japan can undersell Manchester in the market for cotton goods in China, there isn't much that an English labor government can do about it. But if a Japan tries to undersell Englishmen in England, British labor can always yell for a tariff.

These and other related problems all find their place in Mr. Foreman's book. Mr. Foreman demonstrates that an international monetary standard—such as that provided by gold—is necessary to the free functioning of international capitalism. He also demonstrates that maintenance of an international standard depends on a balanced system of exchanges, in which no one nation can attract to itself a glut of the sinews of trade. But international capitalism is not a static (i.e., not a "balanced") system; it is not Crusoe economics, it is not barter. And when commercial rivalries result in the calling of bluffs which makes for war, the free gold standard must go by the board.

Mr. Foreman does not state the conditions necessary for eternal Free Trade. He believes that autarchy tempered by international barter (which is not the same animal as "national self-sufficiency," as Soviet Russia has proved) will dominate the world in the future. But we can conceive of a world made safe for liberal internationalism. It would be a world under one police power, a world in which force could prevent cheap labor conditions in one section from stealing the advantages in profit-making opportunities from a section in which labor was organized to demand higher wages and short hours. It would be a world under one monetary system. And it would be a Single Tax world. This sudden irruption of Henry George may surprise the reader. *But how can you have Free Trade unless all men can get at the wherewithal to offer for goods which they have not got?*

Is the reader laughing at this point? If so, we agree with him. For any institution of the Single Tax on land (which would make it highly unprofitable to hold land out of production or to value it too highly) would smash the mortgage structure, many banks, and the insurance companies. This would result in revolution, but hardly one to please Henry George.

The weakness of Mr. Foreman's book is that he hasn't explored the internal effects of autarchy tempered by international barter. If capital is to be cooped up at home (and Charles A. Beard in his "The Idea of National Interest" has made out a good case to prove that foreign lending carries with it problems of sovereignty that invite trouble), and is to attract low rates of interest because of the attendant glut, then what will be the effect on the wage level as entrepreneurs refrain from doing business? A drive for profits in a world of industrial concentration must seek to take it out on the worker if it cannot gain increase from abroad. This leads us to a world of strikes, of NRA, of growing resentments, of the stir of fascism and of communism—in brief, to the world as we are beginning to know it today. Autarchy tempered by international barter has its own tremendous problems. These Mr. Foreman omits.

The omission is crucial. Yet John Strachey, Fred Henderson, and Lawrence Dennis, all of whom have covered much of Mr. Foreman's ground in their various books, have had such a poor hearing that one hopes Mr. Foreman will be read and discussed widely, in spite of the omission. He is on the firing line of reality. What we should like to see, before the discussion is carried further, is a critique of Mr. Foreman's book by a natural opponent of his ideas—say, Henry Hazlitt, Fabian Franklin, Simeon Strunsky, or Alexander Dana Noyes. There may be a shot or two left in the locker of internationalism, old-style. We doubt it, but Henry Demarest Lloyd was expressing similar doubts in the nineties. So, "Lay on, Macduff."

A Monument to Boswell

PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE. In the Collection of Lt.-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham. Prepared for the press by Geoffrey Scott and Frederick A. Pottle and now first printed. Volumes 17 *and* 18. *Privately printed.*

Reviewed by WILMARTH S. LEWIS

THE present volumes bring to a close the first publication of the Boswell manuscripts secured by Colonel Isham at Malahide. They do not make cheerful reading, but they are as absorbing as any of their predecessors.

Volume 17 has the depressing story of Mrs. Boswell's final illness, Boswell's distress, his continued escape into intoxication and the society of his friends, and his subsequent remorse. His is now the jaundiced outlook of the confirmed alcoholic. Dining with Warren Hastings made him feel "how every thing human tends to dimunition." Parliament which had once been so glamorous appeared to him "much of a farce." The Play had lost its spell and he "was not interested as in younger days." Even "the high admiration of London went off," and farther than that disillusionment could not go.

"The mist of mind" grows in volume 18. Boswell's pathetic hopes of political preferment at the hands of the tyrannical Lonsdale are finally dashed in a scene as vivid as any he ever wrote. There are moments of relief—when he and Sir Joshua are given the seats of honor at the great dinner of the Stationers Company, and when he and Temple are given grapes by Lord Falmouth at his estate, but illness and melancholia are never far off and return with deadly certainty. The "Life" appears and succeeds beyond expectation and there is the somewhat muddled second edition to be done, but Boswell complains of lack of steady employment, and that he never again achieves.

"REVISING FOR THE SECOND EDITION"

Boswell threatened by Sir Alexander McDonald. (One of Rowlandson and Collings's caricatures of "A Tour to the Hebrides," reproduced from "Young Boswell," by Chauncey B. Tinker.)

There is in these two last volumes little diminution of the earlier brilliancy—it is, after all, the period of writing the "Life." There are the same unforgetable epitomes of character and events. Boswell expresses his pleasure at seeing Horace Walpole again and finding him, as ever, "genteel, fastidious, priggish." These three words probably give a better impression of Walpole than any other three that could be found. The same conciseness is found in the story of the unhappy apprentice, John Constantin. It is as direct as a story in Genesis. What might in less skilful hands have been confused is reduced to its essentials. Irrelevant details have been discarded and the whole boiled down to just proportions. We read this story without doubt that we are learning exactly what happened and we see the principal although not a word of physical description is given.

It is this sense of being admitted to a private view of the eighteenth century that gives the Journals their great charm. We are in the position of the hero in "Berkeley Square" when he went to the window and opened the blinds. The familiar and unfamiliar outlines of the age grow strong and move into life. The full tide of human existence sweeps us from Charing Cross to the West End, to the City, to Oxford, Edinburgh, Utrecht, and half over Europe. The freshness of these journals is that of the morning paper at our breakfast table. The great and the obscure jostle in the streets; the people in Zoffany's pictures leave their brocaded chairs to walk through the Soho of Hogarth. The King of England asks how the "Life" is getting on. Burke calls unexpectedly at dinner time, finds there is no company and so, presumably, not enough food and goes away without disturbing Mrs. Boswell. Boswell, in liquor, runs fast down a muddy street, slips and falls, hurts his left elbow, discovers he has lost fifty pounds, goes home not knowing what to do, hurries away to the tavern where he dined, searches everywhere, and finds the notes next day in the cabinet where he had put them.

The Journals of course throw more light on Boswell himself than on anyone else. The smiling, self-satisfied, face of the last portraits is shown to be a façade behind which the real Boswell agonized. There can no longer be many questions about Boswell's character and personality. No man ever stood more completely revealed. As autobiography the Journal unites the outstanding qualities of its greatest rivals: it is as gossipy as Pepys's, as introspective as Rousseau's, as licentious as Casanova's, as wise as Franklin's, and as readable as Trollope's. To lay upon Boswell the heavy charges which may be easily brought seems beside the point. The time is past when a genius, because he has transcended the work of ordinary men, must serve as a pattern to school boys. Boswell suffered and at twenty-eight he achieved fame as an author, and was the friend, or at least the acquaintance, of most of the leading men of his day, abroad as well as at home. This feat may be compared with the early success of Sheridan and the younger Pitt. In the beginning, if Boswell had wished with equal singleness of purpose to be a leader at the English Bar or a Cabinet Minister there is no reason to suppose he would not have succeeded. At the end of his life when we see him snubbed by Pitt and "carried to Mary Le Bone Watch-house for calling the hour in the streets," we are depressed by the contrast with what he then wanted to be, but even while enduring degradation he was completing the biography which still stands unrivalled in his own or any other language and which was the conclusion to a preparation of twenty-eight years. Boswell is in the position of a man who having set his heart upon one difficult goal regrets, in his hour of achievement, that he had not obtained one or two others as well.

Good fortune has now come to James Boswell. His papers were not lost, after all, but reached the hands of as skilful editors as any man ever had. When one contrasts the jumble of unassorted manuscript which came out of the ebony cabinet and croquet box at Malahide with the completed set one begins to appreciate the editors' achievement. The cataloguing of the material was a formidable task in itself, but that was trifling to the difficulty of establishing the text. After recent deletions made with india ink were removed there remained the much greater problem of deciphering Boswell's hand. How extraordinarily difficult much of the manuscript is may be seen in many of the facsimiles. This difficulty was heightened by Boswell's Latin and Italian and by hundreds of obscure proper names. Finally, the condensed Journals (Mr. Pottle's heaviest labor) offered puzzles in every line. A catchword must often have taken days of research to understand. Mr. Pottle's ultimate triumph came when he deciphered Boswell's cipher and discovered

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it was the same as Pepys's. Those days of labor may easily escape the reader who, because of them, is able to speed along the broad highway of Boswell's text, for the editors have all but effaced themselves. The subscribers should note, furthermore, that as the edition progressed they received larger and larger measure. Volume 18 has four times as much material as Volume 1. This was generous when one remembers (as the subscribers do) that the Golden Age of the original prospectus has vanished. In the Editorial and Textual Note to Volume 13 an index was promised to the subscribers without cost. The subscribers, one ventures to suggest, would be more than willing to pay for the index in a volume similar to the catalogue of the collection if there is now any question of issuing it, for the lack of an index is a serious drawback to the use of the edition.

These volumes are a testimonial to many people—to Colonel Isham, to Mr. Bruce Rogers and the late William E. Rudge, to the late Geoffrey Scott and, particularly, to Professor Pottle, whose scholarship and literary judgment have been employed in eighty percent of the work. Above all, they are a monument to James Boswell which, could he have but seen it, would have forever thawed the "hypochondriack frost" that possessed his soul.

"Apocryphal Gospel"

(*Continued from first page*)

be matters of fact sustained by the Gospel text and insights which are avowedly the products of his own meditation. We are to understand that these "apocryphal" passages, which he carefully classifies as such, are to be read as truth of poetry and not as truth of historical fact.

The first half of the book is an apologetic apparatus. It attempts to prove the historicity of Jesus—which is always liable to challenge from the defenders of the "myth" hypothesis—and to validate the witness of the four evangelists. Merejkowski has had to "get up" this part of his book. He has done so competently, and the authority of his name will serve to introduce the critical issues to persons who otherwise might be unaware of them. There is conscientious recognition of the work of Renan, Wellhausen, Bruno Bauer, Weiss, von Soden, Schmiedel, Wernle, Meyer, Jülicher, and many others. (I cite these names, not in their chronological order, but as they appear in Merejkowski's note.) The lay reader will probably be somewhat confused by this Babel of criticism; the technical scholar finds little that is new in this part of the book.

Many of the most interesting and suggestive pages are those which, in the last half of the volume, deal with the birth, childhood, youth, ministry, and passion of Jesus. In retelling this story Merejkowski is a poet, or at least a literary critic, rather than a scientific historian. His work is reminiscent, here and there, of Middleton Murry's "Jesus, Man of Genius." Since the affinities of Jesus are with the literary genius rather than with the systematic theologian, critics in the field of letters may well have insights denied the theologians.

But even in this section of the book its more striking passages are to be found in the "apocryphal" rather than the supposedly historical parts. The author's custom is to tell the historical story first, and then to supplement it with his "apocryphal" meditations. These meditations have all the color of the music, ceremony, and liturgy of the Russian Church. They are orthodox—severely so—in their theological premises. They are the reflections of a man who accepts as a little child the great historic dogmas of Incarnation and Atonement, and to whom religion is essentially a matter of other-worldliness. There is no humanism, nor any approach to it, in these devout apocryphal passages, which are more like hymns and prayers than a biography.

Most modern readers have not kept this ancient and majestic faith "once committed to the saints" in the letter of its original purity. In reading Merejkowski, therefore, one seems to be carried into another world, old and strange. It is hard for a twentieth century American Protestant of that vague mid-world, which for the want of any better terms we call modernism or liberalism, to realize that this book is the work of a passionate contemporary. Yet it is equally hard to understand why we should be willing to study patiently the literature of devotion in the centuries gone, and yet overlook that literature as it is still in the making in our own time. Why should we allow to a Kempis and Tauler ideas which we deny to a Russian refugee for whom modern Paris cannot be "an abiding city"?

Merejkowski's ejaculatory style — he writes in short, self-contained paragraphs sharply divided by numerals, and loosely connected in idea—is very like that of Pascal's "Thoughts." There is something of the same element of bold paradox, of magic in statement, and of mystery in meaning. Thus:

> Forty moments—forty eternities.

This might be Pascal himself. To quote again:

> Three human races: the first destroyed before our time—the kingdom of the Father; the second, our own, saved or doomed—the kingdom of the Son; the third, to come after us, saved, the kingdom of the Spirit-Mother. And therefore three doves—one over chaos, one over the flood, the third, over the baptismal waters.

It is difficult to believe that one is not reading the "Pensées" in mysticism of this sort. Clearly this is an "apocryphal gospel," and not a life of the historical Jesus.

Meanwhile flashes of ethical insight and passion stir the conscience:

> "Antichrist" is not a superstitious legend of past ages, but a terrible and menacing reality which is close at hand—the enemy of yesterday and today. In two thousand years none has been able to look the enemy in the face so clearly as we can.

* *

Willard L. Sperry is dean of the Theological School of Harvard University.

DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI

Post-Mortem of White Russia

THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY. By Alexander Kerensky. New York: The John Day Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THREE Russians destined to meet in the spotlight of revolution, Kerensky, the well-hated Protopopoff, last Minister of Interior for the Czar, and Lenin himself, all came from the sleepy old Volga town of Simbirsk. Protopopoff was of the landed gentry; the other two from the civil service, and Kerensky's father was headmaster of Vladimir Uliano's (Lenin's) school, and as such wrote a report describing the future Lenin as "very gifted, always neat and assiduous," although "with a somewhat excessive tendency toward isolation and reserve."

Kerensky writes with real charm of that provincial capital in the '80's, shut off from the world during the long winter months when the Volga was frozen, all apple and cherry blossoms clear down to the waterside when the quick Russian summer came, and "at night breathless with the songs of nightingales." Of this for a very little while, and then—poor Kerensky!—back to the dismal post-mortem explaining and pawing over of that turgid and hideously complex murk of events preceding the October revolution.

Much of the ground has been covered in other books, including Kerensky's—although even now the time has probably not arrived to treat it definitely—but the coming of Hitlerism offers a somewhat new point of departure and support for Kerensky's argument that pre-war Russia wasn't the "barbarous" land casual Westerners sometimes assume it to have been and that Bolshevism isn't an "Asiatic" phenomenon, something endemic and to be expected once the restraining pressure of the autocracy was removed, but an alien and, at one time, preventable disease.

For the past seventeen years the Russian Provisional Government of which Kerensky was the outstanding figure has been lambasted for its weakness and vacillation in that critical summer of '17, for giving in to the Bolsheviks "without a struggle." To the German Social Democrat who used this latter phrase to Kerensky, he not unnaturally retorts: "How is it that after so many years of peace, with a first-class military and police machine in your hands (while ours in 1917 was but in embryo) and in a country not 'barbarous' like Russia, you gave away the reins of government really and truly without a struggle?"

There is much, indeed, in the present plight of democracy and liberalism in Europe to permit Kerensky to take a more or less I-told-you-so tone; much, which, if it doesn't clear the Provisional Government of the criticisms brought against it during its brief life and afterward, does make a good deal of the abuse seem hasty and rather unreasonable.

About a third of his book is given over to a review of nineteenth century Russian history, by way of erasing the picture of a fixed, obscurantist, knout-and-muzhik Asiatic empire popular in the West. Another third treats of the war and of what Kerensky calls the "suicide of Czarism," and the last of the desperate flounderings of the Provisional Government, with a war and the insistent demands of the Allies on one side, a revolution and a war-weary people on the other, and the Bolsheviks boring in between.

Many, probably most, of the points which Kerensky makes in this latter part, are still highly controversial. At any given moment, and on any given question, throughout that tragic summer, there was at least a triangle of intransigence—reaction, with its dream of returning to the Russia and Europe that were, in which the foreigners in Russia frequently seemed to share; bolshevism, with its dream of a universal proletarian revolution; and the embattled Russian middle-of-the-roaders, dreaming of the maintenance of that "free," democratic state, which, on paper, already existed. They were all dreams, as it turned out, and none so wild as that of liberty!

It would be, perhaps, too much to expect that Kerensky should see any good in Lenin or Trotsky, and his treatment of them is thoroughly one-sided and negative, but his quotations from the record will take some answering and serve as wholesome reminders that these gentlemen were not precisely the jolly good fellows that time and its mellowing is beginning to make them seem. Toward Russia's allies Kerensky also strikes out at times with interesting candour, and he mentions a mistake in his dealings with them.

Shortly after the Kornilov episode, the British, French, and Italian Ambassadors

ALEXANDER KERENSKY

presented Kerensky with a verbal note threatening to "withdraw all military aid to Russia unless the Provisional Government took immediate steps to restore order in the country and at the front." As Kerensky viewed events, the Allied representatives in Russia had supported the Kornilov "mutiny" and helped undermine the very order they now demanded he should restore. "I had only to accept the Note and issue it to the press with an explanation as to where, when, how, and by whom General Kornilov had been helped—and there would have been an end of the alliance! In fact, I should have had to provide pretty strong protection for the Allied Embassies pending the departure of the Ambassadors."

But he checked the impulse, mainly, he thinks, out of personal regard for Sir George Buchanan, and the matter was simply dropped, by both sides. Had the Provisional Government announced that "the attitude of the French, English, and Italian Governments to the government of Free Russia is such that we cannot remain in alliance with them," and that they would "continue the war exclusively in the name of the defense of Russia . . . as free as the United States of America," the secret treaties, so Kerensky thinks, would "have disappeared once and for all from the armory of German and bolshevik propaganda," the expectation of an equitable peace "would have made our position unassailable for the partisans of dictatorship, whether proletarian or military," and the Allies would have changed their attitude toward the Provisional Government.

Whatever the plausibility of this historical "if," Kerensky's handling of it in his narrative is one of those bits on which we can picture some future Strachey delicately pouncing. He mentions Sir George's unfailing courtesy, and how his voice broke a little and his slender fingers trembled ever so slightly as he presented the Allies' note, and at the conclusion of the episode Kerensky remarks that his subsequent observations of European politics "have convinced me that in international matters there is as yet no room for gentlemanly behavior so essential—in England, at any rate—in personal relations." There is something piquant in the suggestion that an empire was lost because the British Ambassador was a gentleman!

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Have They Missed the Boat?

If the novelists who write of split personalities would look homeward they would find the biggest split of all—between the morale of the country and the morale (and the morals) of its most "advanced" belles lettres. The modist literature of this American day is rough, tough, and brutal; or it is sarcastic, cynical, and morally defeatist. Novelists, short-story writers, dramatists, and fabricators of the detective story outrace each other to depict a society disintegrating in crime, dissipation, and futility. The language and the manners of fiction have become what used to be called "common" and tough. Stories of the proletariat, in which the rough and tough might be supposed to belong, are tempered by comparison with accounts of the habits of our bourgeoisie on the loose. And books which by their nature cannot be rowdy follow the fashion by a hard cynicism of comment which sneers at ideals and at hope. The idea of progress, which even Mr. Mencken defends in his new book on ethics, has been jettisoned as not even desirable.

It may be urged in reply that this tough-mindedness is a necessary and valuable reaction against the illusions and the sentiment of the last era; that only the rough and the tough could break away from the genteel and the deluded. It *was* a reaction; but now is clearly a state of mind on its own, a taste and an appetite. The readers of this gin-and-futility, this whore-and-homosexual literature, do not read it as a protest, they read it because they like it, or because they think they ought to like it. And they accept cynicism because it is the fashion to say "What the Hell!" to everything. And the others who do not like it, and do not read it, because it is not in their mood, find little or nothing in current American writing with the vigor and reality of a country whose morale is reviving.

There is a split, an extraordinary split, between the mood of the country and the mood of its self-styled intellectuals in the literary art. This is not a period of decline in the U. S. A., it is a period of advance and reconstruction. The romance of idealism is dead, the sentiment which made the famous Progressive Convention of 1912 a revivalist meeting is dead. No one, friend or enemy, would think of calling Frances Perkins, or President Roosevelt, or Secretary Wallace, romanticists or sentimentalists. The drive toward reconstruction in this country today is definitely scientific and realist. It has the hard practicality, also the uncertainty, of a laboratory experiment—and also its energy and its devotion. Self-sacrifice and consecration are not particularly evident, for this is not a crusade so much as a job, but neither is it selfish profit seeking or demagoguery. Right or wrong, good method or bad method, temporary or permanent, 1933 and 1934 are, historically, the years when an extraordinary number of Americans became concerned for the future and determined to do something about it; when they turned from negative to positive and began to salvage, repair, rebuild, face the facts, and to hope. And this holds true equally for active workers in the experiment of the New Deal and the conservative and the radical thinkers who criticize them. Those who would save capitalism and those who would destroy it are alternates in a common endeavor to renew progress, with science as an aid, and if either wins neither will be entirely defeated.

And this is the real thing in this country today: this drive toward a new society. Scientific, at least in purpose, positive, constructive even when involving destruction, this, with the conflicts and controversies it involves, is as characteristically the American phenomenon of the moment as was the rush across the Plains after the Civil War. All intelligent foreigners see this; but not the writers of our defeatist literature and defeatist criticism.

For while the morale of the country rises, the morale of our belles lettres sinks. Even the sham heroisms of the movies come nearer to the mood of the country than this bawdy, cynical literature of deterioration, with its characters that break up into aspects of violence in order to conceal the fact that they are afraid of life, or not really interested in living. What kind of fodder is this for a nation that has vitality enough to begin a new irrepressible conflict for the control and the use of wealth!

There is in New York at the moment one play that does represent the scientific idealism which has replaced the romantic idealism of the nineteenth century. Sidney Howard's "Yellow Jack" is a hard-bitten story of the devoted, unsentimental experimenters who destroyed yellow fever as their contribution to the job of giving humanity a chance to go ahead. The reviewers, with two notable exceptions, prophesied a short life for it on a stage where the cynically tough was the mode. But the audience who sit tensely through its story of 1900 seem to find more of 1934 in it than elsewhere on Broadway. Where are the other writers? Have they missed the boat again while they were having one more cocktail and a last dirty story!

There has recently been organized in New York a Citizens' School Libraries Committee, the purpose of which is to consolidate opinion behind a fixed appropriation for each pupil per annum for school libraries. Apparently in the general financial plight of the city, the collections of reference books have been allowed to fall far below specifications, with the result that an added burden has been thrown on the already depleted resources of the Branch Libraries and grave difficulties placed in the way of students' reference reading. The Committee estimates that instead of the minimum of two volumes per pupil, which the Board of Regents theoretically demands for these school libraries, there are now only 850,000 library books available for 1,100,000 school children and 39,000 teachers.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

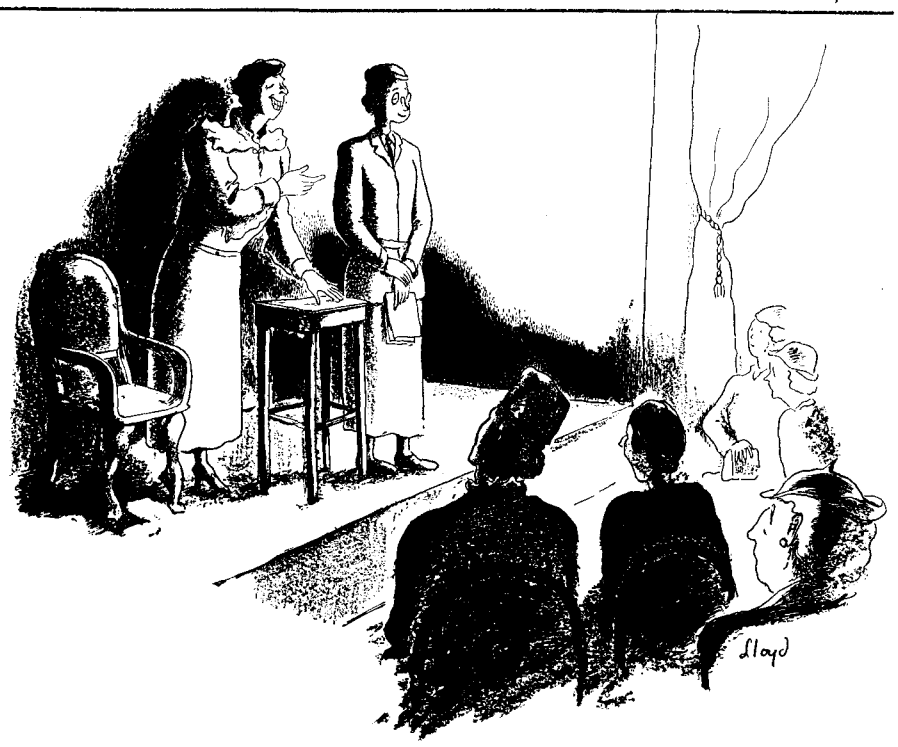
I WAS A GERMAN. By ERNST TOLLER. *Morrow.* The autobiography of one of Germany's most noted writers and exiles.

ONCE A WILDERNESS. By ARTHUR POUND. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* A novel of the soil.

THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM. By CLARK FOREMAN. *Norton.* "An analysis of its growth in the modern world."

This Less Recent Book:

THE RUNNING FOOTMAN. By JAMES OWEN. *Macmillan.* The story of a noble nature which endures much.



"MISS PLIMPWORTH WILL TELL US WHAT THREE AUTHORS SHE'D TAKE WITH HER TO A DESERT ISLAND—AND WHY."

To the Editor: *Herrick's Church Bells; A Nolte Enthusiast*

Robert Herrick and Dean Prior

SIR:—The enclosure is a letter which I have received from James Thorpe, Vicar of Dean Prior.

He asked me to forward it to a few of the leading American literary reviews, for publication.

I think perhaps you will find it sufficiently interesting to justify at least a few lines of space.

EDWARD ANTHONY.

New York City.

Believing that Mr. Thorpe's letter will be of interest not only to Herrick's devotees, but also to readers of Dorothy Sayers's new novel, "The Nine Tailors," we are glad to print it herewith.—THE EDITORS.

Mr. Thorpe's Letter

SIR:—The bells of Robert Herrick's church at Dean Prior are silent. They have been silent for four years. The frames on which the bells are hung have rotted and are no longer safe.

To rehang the bells, restore the ringers' gallery, and add a sixth bell will cost us about £400. We have collected just over £175, and have a promise to supply the new treble bell: so that we still want £165. Will some of those who love Herrick as one of the sweetest of English singers help us to make up this deficit and to set his bells ringing again above his grave?

Herrick, who wrote so joyously of Brooks and Blossoms, Birds and Flowers, of Maypoles, Hock-carts, Wassails, and Wakes, would not have had the bells silent. Here at Dean Prior he produced most of his delightful lyrics, and despite his disparagement of "dull Devonshire" and his assumed delight at leaving his Dartmoor parish in 1647, he loved it well enough to come back voluntarily, after fifteen years of exile, and to remain here until his death twelve years later.

His own lines, "No Bashfulnesse in Begging," will perhaps serve to justify this appeal:

To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside:
Who feares to aske doth teach to be deny'd.

Contributions should be sent to Canon the Hon. R. J. Yarde-Buller, The Vicarage, Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon, England, or to

JAMES THORPE.

Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon, England.

Phileas Fogg in Utah

SIR:—I have noticed with interest the reference in The Bowling Green column of a recent *Review* to the statement in "Around the World in Eighty Days" as to Great Salt Lake, Utah, being "three miles eight hundred feet above the sea," and your conjecture that this is probably a mistranslation for "three *thousand* eight hundred feet."

You are evidently correct, as will be seen by consulting the work in French, and by reference to the encyclopædias, which state that the surface of the lake is about 4,200 feet above sea level. It appears that the word *mille* in French means a thousand and also means mile, the plurals in French being *milliers* and *milles*, respectively.

In the French edition which I consulted the sentence reads, "Le lac Salé, long de soixante-dix *milles* environ, large de trente-cinq, est situé à trois *mille* huit cents pieds au-dessus du niveau de la mer"; and that the translator through some oversight translated both *milles* and *mille* as meaning *miles* is proven, I think, by his *correct* translation of the same words in [a similar] sentence from the previous chapter.

I wonder if *all* English translations of the book contain this error?

HORACE E. MCFARLAND.

St. Louis, Mo.

Rescuing Nolte

SIR:—Will no one rescue the magnificent autobiography of Vincent Nolte from carefree exploiters? I would be willing to wager that Mr. Hervey Allen never showed Mr. Nolte the courtesy of reading him in German, and to give odds that Mr. Allen never even looked for the additions which Nolte made to the second German edition. Now Mr. G. Howard Watt has reprinted the American translation of the first edition without alteration. He did, inexcusably, leave out the entertaining "Prefatory" remarks of the 1854 translator. . . . In spite of the substantial service to Nolte by Mr. Allen's quite proper use of him in "Anthony Adverse," and the somewhat accidental service [of the new Watts edition] there is much more due.

Nolte deserves a good retranslation, some inquiry into his biography among sources more impartial than himself, and above all critical notes on his substantial contributions to American history. When we see him rebuking Andrew Jackson we are in contact with one of the liveliest episodes in American history. He was angry with Jackson for winning the battle of New Orleans with breast-works made out of unduly high-priced cotton commandeered from Nolte. Another lively episode is when we see Nolte accompanying a casual acquaintance from the Widow Gallop's boarding house and breakfast table to the Hudson River docks. The casual acquaintance was Fulton who took him down to see the Clermont start for Albany.

And where else could one learn that Lord Eldon's court attendants could be bribed to avoid or to increase the law's delays? Or that Queen Victoria had a "rabbit's mouth"?

Who then will rescue Nolte from those who are insufficiently grateful to him?

RICHARD W. HALE.

Boston, Mass.

Thomas Paine

SIR:—Since I am preparing a book on "Thomas Paine and Eighteenth Century Radicalism in England, America, and France," I should be grateful for any information regarding unpublished letters or manuscripts by Paine. I should also be grateful for information regarding unpublished evidence which casts light on his relations to his contemporaries or on his influence. Acknowledgement will of course be made in the book for assistance of this sort.

HARRY HAYDEN CLARK.

Department of English,
The University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

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Escape from Life

SET FREE. By Sylvia Paul Jerman. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

WITH her first novel, "Prelude to Departure," last year, Sylvia Paul Jerman immediately caught critical attention by reason of her highly individual gifts. Her style has an unusual flexibility that flows easily with its subject from an austere realism in narrative passages to a brilliant, spark-emitting intensity when the story rises to its repeated emotional crises.

The titles of Mrs. Jerman's two novels are significant. She has been particularly interested in characters who feel themselves bound, by some outer or inward condition, to an unhappy or belittling fate. This does not mean that they are all alike or that they seek the same ways from the same bondages; the two men and three women who are the principal characters of "Set Free" are alike only in the consciousness of the restrictions which their own natures, their personal relationships, or their environments have placed upon them. Freedom for one would lie in the escape from something as subjective as the tyranny of love, for another from the concrete enslavement to drugs.

The story begins in the eighteen-nineties with the timid love of Mary Dewain and Flood Harris. Their very young love is unable to bear the blight of social humiliation. They, however, survive; their sensitiveness which cannot stand the blasts of an indifferent world hardens into safe enclosing shells of introspective fantasy. But before they can fight their unfair fight back to each other, in middle age, they draw others into their unhappy charmed circle.

The story of the self-nourishing strength of the weak is worked out in dramatic detail. Mrs. Jerman uses a full-peopled, large-scale background for her play of personalities. In a maintained balance between the intense subjective world of the individuals portrayed and the unconcerned objective world of their brief activities, the book slips out of ready-made classification. Mrs. Jerman is highly selective in her material, but she does not give the impression that she is unaware of what lies outside the province which she has chosen as her own.

In Pursuit of a Mirage

BELLY FULLA STRAW. By David Cornel DeJong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

READERS who have followed the trend of the short story in the past few years, paying especial heed to those writers just emerging on the literary horizon—Eugene Joffe, Emmett Gowen, Tess Slesinger, and others on whose shoulders the evanescent laurels of the immediate future will rest—have long known that in David Cornel DeJong they had a writer of increasingly assured achievement. Astonishingly fertile for so young a writer, Mr. DeJong has appeared in almost every one of the "little" magazines. He was known through them before the larger magazines accepted him. Through them, readers with an ear to the ground became aware of two of this author's outstanding qualities—his fertility and his integrity. He has more than these: he can create character that lives, and his slightest achievement is informed with a poetic quality that lifts it far above the average.

Turning now from the short story to the novel form, Mr. DeJong has carried over into his new medium those qualities that made his stories rich and memorable. There are many flaws in his novel, the most serious of which is a halting continuity that may be the result of his inexperience in the craft and the difficulty of weaving a long narrative into a tightly woven fabric. The story seems to make disconcerting jumps, full-bodied characters and situations appear out of nowhere and disappear for good, and this may be the author's fault or his novel may possibly have been drastically cut before publication in accordance with a policy no longer patent. But what remains more than justifies its publication and whets the reader's appetite for more. On its surface, a tale of the immigration in 1913 of a family of Hollanders to Michigan, and the subsequent Americanization of the four children, the death of the mother, the gradual disillusionment of the father who had come with high hopes of a new and splendid life and left with nothing to his credit but the money that was his least excuse for coming, "Belly Fulla Straw" remains, beneath this surface of fascinating incident and mood, a poignant objectification of the timeless loneliness of human life, no matter how "full" it may appear to the casual observer. This loneliness is most powerfully presented through the person of the family's father: Harmen Idema, the master builder. Dowered with a sensitivity that implied his ultimate disillusionment, he suffered the loss of his wife through death, two of his children through hopeless misunderstanding and the results of their Americanization, one of them through indifference, the last, the one who loved him most of all, through inevitable choice. His nostalgia for "the old country" was, more than it appeared, a nostalgia for affection, understanding, tolerance, but it remained unappeased and he returned to the Netherlands a man who had literally thrown away almost twenty years of his life in pursuit of a mirage. The character of Harmen Idema is Mr. DeJong's first major fictional achievement; it should not be his last.

Mountain People

NITCHEY TILLEY. By Roy Helton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ANNE WINSLOW

SPRUNG from the warmth of the earth, and woven of sights, and sounds, and smells, "Nitchey Tilley" has a quality distinct from most American novels. The style is quiet and direct, unadorned except with the fragrance of the Appalachian tongue. As a picture of mountain life it is the best that the reviewer has encountered, perhaps just because the author has not taken this picturesque region to make a study of the mores of a strange race. It is a view from the inside, not from the outside.

Born of city parents, Nitchey Tilley is brought up by an old man in the fastness of a lonely mountain cabin. Not till his twentieth year does he venture out into the world of people and events. Taking as a companion a mountain girl, he sets his face firmly towards New York. Against its skyscrapers he sets his log cabin wisdom. His mountain eyes see the color, and the mass, and the noise; the warm little human vagaries of Fourteenth Street and the East River docks.

Here at last, in the metropolis, Nitchey Tilley formulates his creed of life, the answer to his reiterated question, "What is life for?" "Seems as if most of the wrongs of life, so thick around me, come from men not seeing how strong and beautiful today is and how much more its meaning is for us than anything to follow, and anything that ever was."

A Cross Section of Social Progress

WINDOWS ON HENRY STREET. By Lillian D. Wald. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

AS if such had been a thing to be deprecated, Miss Wald assures us that her book is not an autobiography. Nor is it, in outward form; but if, especially as a continuation of her earlier (1915) "The House on Henry Street," there was ever a more completely self-revealing book, I have not read it. It ranges in time over two decades of momentous history, in space from the seething heart of New York's lower East Side to far corners of the Orient; in psychology from the spontaneous charity of the poor toward each other to the even remoter dinner tables of rich persons immune against compassion. And every line of it exhibits Lillian Wald and the colleagues whom she has gathered, led, and inspired, in congenitally congenial action and reflection in and upon today's distracted world. However inadvertently, she is its central figure. Completing forty years of that thrilling adventure of human intelligence and good will toward men, she sits at the window of her Henry Street social settlement, in the convalescent leisure enforced by an illness attributable chiefly to her unsparing gift of herself to her fellowmen, looking in and out, backward and forward.

Miss Wald is typical of the group of women contemporary in the beginning of the social settlement movement in America — for distinguished examples, Jane Addams, Mary E. McDowell, Julia C. Lathrop, Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch. All characterized by the spirit implicit in this book; fusion of unquenchable sympathy with weakness and suffering and ignorance, indomitable dour courage to face stupidity and injustice in any guise of place or power, social vision and naive imperturbable faith in the inherent goodness of all people; above all serene confidence that informed good will and undiscouraged determination can and must make this world in our time a better place. All of them charged with a certain gay humor; none of these saints of the Lord gives way under any stress to empty negative cynicism or harshness of judgment. This book is peppered with pungent anecdotes, some of them fairly hilarious, and toward those whose ideas and behavior are most abhorrent and obstructive to all that she holds dear and indispensable Miss Wald reacts with kindly understanding tolerance, as if to say, "forgive them, they know not what they do."

I think no one who has not lived in a social settlement or under what might be called "settlement conditions" — anyway none without the settlement point of view —can fully sense the indwelling and outspeaking spirit of Miss Wald's recital and comment; can read between her lines. Even she hardly can realize how much that residence has given her and made her what she is. Looking back over the thirty-five years that have elapsed since my own years of settlement experience, I count it the major part and factor in my education. I cannot reliably appraise the value of the ostensible "good-doing" in which I participated, but I am in no doubt about the priceless benefits I gained myself. Such residence inevitably readjusts life-values, and affords a sense of the unity of all humanity and of the wealth of its resources. It reveals, as no other experience, the fact that the line between material wealth and poverty, between schooling and illiteracy, between white collars and calloused toiling hands, between this race and language or *kultur* and that, between philanthropy's giver and beneficiary, by no means coincides with or indeed bears any necessary relation to the line between good character and bad. One learns beyond mistake that Dives and Lazarus, the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady—yes, and white man, yellow man, brown man and black; Nordic and Slav, or what have you else—under their skins and adventitious camouflage of circumstances, are of one blood and of attributes amazingly alike. So it is to the universal human essence that Miss Wald speaks, in a vernacular intelligible to the common heart.

THE HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT HOUSE

This book has so many facets . . . Hardly at all, save incidentally, is it an account of the work of the Nurses' Settlement. It is clearly apparent, to be sure, that this enterprise, especially in its beginnings, had unique advantages in its access through district nursing, which has been its distinguishing characteristic, to the homes and lives and hearts of its field; through that opportunity to meet and touch folk in the hour of their most poignant need. All the rest has branched from that, and Henry Street has gained thereby an appeal to the whole community such as hardly any other settlement possesses. But this book goes far beyond the margins of that enterprise. Its purview affords a kind of cross-section of social progress in America, as conditioned lately by the turmoil in the world. And best of all, amid the many menacing discouragements it breathes an optimism fired by impressive achievement for much of which Miss Wald herself shares largely in responsibility and title to credit. For only one example—in respect of the industrial exploitation of children—measure the distance we have come since the law exempted from school attendance children *six years of age* "if lawfully employed," and since there was only one state in the union whose legislation, then the most advanced, prohibited employment in factories of any child under twelve! In this and other fields there is still far to go, but the spirit that animated the earlier attacks upon evils such as these has now many more embodiments than the few who began the warfare. As Lillian Wald, Jane Addams, and their compatriots retire spent with their unselfish labors from the firing line, they leave the battle in good hands.

DRAWINGS ON THIS PAGE ARE BY JAMES DAUGHERTY
From "Windows on Henry Street."

John Palmer Gavit, in a long interval in his experience as a newspaper man, was for years a resident of Chicago Commons, the social settlement founded by Professor Graham Taylor; then establishing the magazine The Commons, *which served as organ of the international settlement movement and eventually was merged in* The Survey, *of which Mr. Gavit is now an associate editor.*

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The Case for Wordsworth

THE LATER WORDSWORTH. By Edith C. Batho. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $6.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

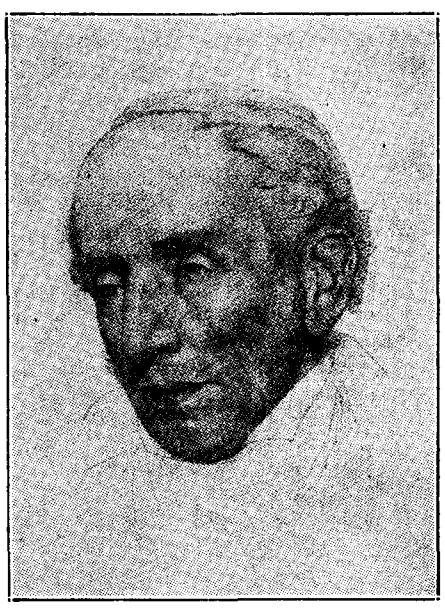
THE author of this extremely controversial book was inspired by indignation. She feels that a disproportionate amount of attention has been paid by the present generation of biographers and critics to Wordsworth's early life and works, and too little credit given him for what he was and wrote in the forty or more years that followed. A sense of outraged justice is a mood that has engendered many a great literary protest: one thinks of Swift and Voltaire, of Paine and Burke. Her honest wrath would make Miss Batho's work respectable even if it were not founded on extensive information, and exciting even if it were not vitally uttered. Fully documented and written with a pen of fire it certainly is. Someone observing the Duke of Saint-Simon condensing in his diary the wrath and scorn accumulated in his fervid brain during a day at court, remarked that his head smoked. His "Memoirs" are still hot; and Miss Batho, too, in her defence of the later Wordsworth from the dreadful charge of being a conservative in politics and a good Anglican in religion, has raised "the quiet and still air of delightful studies" to a midsummer temperature.

There is no denying that she has a cause. But the victims of her anger had a cause, too. They were trying to redress the balance, which had been upset by their predecessors and by a misguided public, which did not understand Wordsworth's poetry because it was ignorant of his personal history. Christopher Wordsworth's "Memoirs" of his uncle the poet gave disproportionate space to the later years, touching but lightly on many a trait and incident, many a friend and comrade, many a deed and project of the formative period in his young manhood and also of the great productive period which ensued. A man is lucky if he lives, with a fair degree of attractiveness and good-nature, to be eighty years old; but it is too much to expect him to be as interesting as he was in youth and middle life. Yet 150 pages of the "Memoirs" are devoted to the last decade of an octogenarian. Professor Knight in his long biography followed the same plan. The readers of poetry, and the critics with few exceptions, did not object, because the later Wordsworth was the one they had known in the flesh, and he suited their taste.

Then with Professor Emile Legouis's "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth" a greatly needed reaction began. Miss Batho contends that this has gone much too far. The justice of her contention may in general be admitted. She proves, though perhaps unnecessarily, that Wordsworth was no renegade, that his moral integrity remained unimpaired, that he was always a true English patriot, even in his most rebellious days, and that both early and late he was sincerely religious. With the sword of a champion she drives away from her hero a trembling rout of democrats, Socinians, free-thinkers, pacifists, and "such-like caterpillars of a commonwealth" who would pin their colors on his coat. As one whose head has been "waved over by that flaming brand," the present reviewer must protest she claims too much. She does indeed show that Wordsworth's change from a radical to a conservative temper in politics was gradual, that in a sense it was a natural process common to most people as they grow old, and that he preserved a healthy independence.

Here we must enter a plea of confession and avoidance. Admitting that he did not sell his soul for money or social position, it is still to be proved that he was not frightened, by what he considered rumblings of revolution, into a state of anxiety which made him cling to established systems he had formerly condemned. It is still to be proved that he would not have been wiser as well as braver to maintain his old attitude, for time has shown that it was the one which would have done the world most good. Miss Batho unwarrantably minimizes the extent of his early revolt against monarchy, aristocracy, and militarism, and against orthodox Christianity; she asserts, contrary to much evidence, that this condition of revolt lasted only about half a dozen years; she refuses to admit frankly the immense superiority of the poetry he composed between 1795 and 1808 to most of what came afterwards. She is an ingenious and persistent adept in special pleading. If a man were on trial for a crime and *prima facie* guilty, he would do well to put his cause in her hands. She would unearth so many little bits of evidence and present them with so much conviction that the jury would not know whether they were standing on their feet or their heads and would acquit him in spite of the facts.

The body of the book is in four chapters: the first a collection of things, chiefly favorable, that Wordsworth's contemporaries said about him in his later years; the second defending political conservatism, rather than attempting to show that Wordsworth did not become a Tory; the third a plea for high-church Anglicanism and an unsuccessful effort to make him lie down in that fold; the fourth, which rather gives the case away, being a contention that the comparative decline of his literary powers was due to bad eyesight. Her readers are to be congratulated that the only illustration in the book is a reproduction of the beautiful Pickersgill drawing in the combination-room of St. John's College, Cambridge, and not one of those sentimental seraphs by Miss Gillies or Haydon. And it would be unfair to insinuate that the picture of him which her book creates in a reader's mind is like these latter portraits. She draws him as he was, a robust figure of a man, not saint-like nor merely philosophic, but an active participant in the political, theological, and esthetic movements of his time. Perhaps it was well that he should adopt a more positive kind of religion, one more in accord with his human environment, than his early faith in an all-pervading divinity revealed in nature. But it is a disheartening task to explain why he gave up the political doctrine which he professed in 1794, when he declared: "I am of that odious class of men called democrats, and of that class I shall forever continue." Against the record of his past and the inner convictions and experiences which



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
The Pickersgill drawing

distinguished him from other men, he afterwards accepted the Tory assumption that there are fixed "orders of society," the lowest being "the poor," and that it is the privilege of the upper orders to "grant" liberty to the ones below. Such patronizing expressions and the ignorance of human character which they reveal are not pleasing, and it is lamentable that the later Wordsworth sometimes used them. On the other hand it is to his credit that in the Postscript to "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems," as Miss Batho points out, he made the humane and statesmanlike remark, to which many Americans today selfishly shrink from subscribing, that "all persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to a maintenance by law."

Yet though Miss Batho's zeal has outrun her discretion, she has done the poet a service by calling attention to the fact that he was a public-spirited man, profoundly interested in the political welfare of his country and the social progress of mankind. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace the hidden streams of his religious beliefs. Outwardly he did no doubt pass from a non-Christian attitude to one that conformed with Christian orthodoxy. This change puzzled his friend Crabb Robinson, who tried very hard to understand it. Dorothy Wordsworth, who probably knew her brother's heart better than anyone else, seems to have remained in the position of their younger days without misgivings concerning either herself or him. Miss Batho has not taken account of this. Strange to say, what makes her book very readable and even exciting is the fact that it is so passionately partial, so provokingly persistent, so full of challenge and combat.

A German Liberal's Flight into Egypt

(*Continued from first page*)

pre-war and pre-Hitler Germany was made somewhat to feel that fact, his family were well-to-do, he was gifted, and he had a kind of personal beauty, very appealing. I know him only slightly, but I remember his appearance vividly. He has none of the more obvious physical characteristics of his race; his countenance is rather reminiscent of some of the wilder of the young John the Baptists of Raphael, the true aspect of the poet, sensuous but refined, a combination of strong animalism and spirituality. He is gifted, and attractive, and to this his memoir indirectly testifies, for how often, in his revolutionary days, was he befriended by women and hidden from the police, even by his political enemies. Yes, Toller, though he was a Jew, was in many ways beloved of the gods, and besides, he lived as a child near the Polish frontier, he was a German citizen, and therefore full of contempt for the dirty Polacks; if he was made to feel somewhat inferior on the one side, he could exert his own superiority on the other. He belonged very definitely to the middle classes; his family were able to give him a good education, even to send him to the University of Grenoble.

Yet in his own country, they have burned his books. I have no doubt whatever that if the present régime could lay hands upon him he would be in a concentration camp at this minute, repeating more acutely the experiences of several years ago. Why? What harm has he done?

Perhaps, like Brunngraber's Karl, his chief error was to grow up in the twentieth century, trailing with him into it a great deal of the nineteenth. Or perhaps he was wrong to disregard the warning of Robinson Jeffers (a more prophetic poet than Toller), "Be in nothing so moderate as in the love of man." Toller is immoderately humanitarian, and already, with the century only a third over, humanitarianism has an odor of dried rose-leaves about it. He is Shelleyean, too. He feels that the whole world belongs to him; he wants to embrace all of life; he is ready to leave his manuscript to help right the injustices of the world; to fight for freedom. Only his gods undergo metamorphosis before his very eyes. He enlists as an impassioned German, convinced that his nation is surrounded and attacked by jealous enemies, and lives to believe that Germany has no less measure of guilt than any other power, and perhaps more. The war is for him an unmitigated horror. Its only justification can be a New Deal for everyone, when it is over. This conviction makes him a revolutionist—1918 pattern. He is astute enough to see through the Republic, whose denouement in 1933 was implicit from the first, so he becomes a follower of Kurt Eisner, and an official of the short-lived Bavarian Soviet. A communist? Not quite. Again, he is the true representative of an essentially liberal age. Communism, yes, but without

ERNST TOLLER

terror, without the suppression of the bourgeoisie; communism by persuasion. He cannot stomach the whole program. So the real communists—led by Levine—and the not quite communists, led by Eisner, fight each other, while the Social Democrats join hands with the old monarchists to suppress both of them. To suppress both of them—and to prepare the way for 1933, when the 1919 socialist colleagues of Von Epp and the reactionaries shall sit along with communists in concentration camps.

Toller's book is two things, and immensely valuable as both. It is a personal memoir, written by a poet, tender-minded, observant, with a strong sensual memory, who has lived through the first phase of what may turn out to be—before it is finished—the most terrific period in world history. Among other things, it is a poet's reaction to the world war, and I think there cannot be too many such documents. There is certainly no universal reaction to the war. Adolf Hitler, for instance, who is among other things a man of considerable sensibility, found the war "the greatest period of my life—the greatest time for all Germans," and cherishes every recollection of it, even its horrors. Yet here is another soldier, also a brave one, for whom—as for Erich Maria Remarque,—the war was a world crime, a horror to be forgotten if possible, an experience never, never, never to be repeated. Wherein lies the difference? Not, I think, in sensibility. Can it be, perhaps, that the close male comradeship of the trenches, the deep tenderness of one comrade in arms for another during a most intense experience—a feeling which comes out in such a play as "Journey's End"—has a romantic glamour for some natures, and no appeal whatsoever for men strongly heterosexual and strongly life-loving? I do not know. I have only observed that one thing that definitely divides those who follow National Socialism and those to whom it is repugnant, is precisely this attitude toward the war, or toward war as an idea. National Socialism provides a substitute for the front spirit. It glorifies the cult of comradeship, male comradeship—from the poet Stefan George, whom the National Socialists hail as their own, to Sieburg, who finds that precisely this cult *is* German militarism, and advises the outside world not to fear that it means war, because it exists as a good in itself. For Toller the whole war was esthetically repugnant. He hated the smell of the trenches, the smell of men. He longed for the companionship of women. And so, as a recorder of war he comes rather close to Ernest Hemingway, who was, unlike Toller, thoroughly hard-boiled, even rather fond of fighting for its own sake, but who nevertheless made his hero a deserter who left the comradeship of men locked together in death for a woman and the creation of a new life.

Hating the war to the marrow, Toller, like thousands of German idealists in 1919, transferred his hatred to the whole pre-war régime, to the way of life in his own country and elsewhere, which had made the war possible. Out of the war, he thought, as justification for the war, must

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come a new and different sort of society. In 1919 nearly every thoughtful person in Germany felt the same way. Nevertheless, even as early as that, there were two groups and two opinions as to the form that society should take, and a man's choice between them was largely determined by how he felt about the war. In those days things were more tentative, and the two groups were not yet clear about what divided them. Toller tells, for instance, of the meetings which used to take place toward the close of the war at Burg Lauenstein, in Thuringia, the castle of Eugen Dietrichs, the publisher, where scholars, artists, social reformers, and publicists—"all sorts of young men"—met to discuss the future of Germany. Among the people who there congregated were Richard Dehmel, the poet, Walter von Molo, the Heidelberg sociologist, Max Weber, and such scholars as Werner Sombart and Toennies. Back as far as that, and in this very group, were men like Max Maurenbrecher who cursed democratic individualism as the illness of the age, others who pinned their faith to a new German church and a purely Germanic religion. Maurenbrecher affirmed the war as a means to a new German absolutist state, while Max Weber and Richard Dehmel stood out for the triumph of the democratic idea. In other words, one group, to which Toller belonged, felt that the new society must be the antithesis of the war: Freedom for the individual; pity for the weak; aid for the oppressed; security for the less privileged—these must be the foundation ideas. The other group wished the war to be the apotheosis of the new society, which would perpetuate, as its foundation, the spirit of the Front. Its virtues would be: blind obedience; Spartan courage; callousness to physical suffering; sacrifice; and intense, close comradeship—a kind of trenches democracy under absolute leadership. It is superficial to say that this ideal simply meant a return to pre-war German militarism. Pre-war militarism was barracks militarism, court militarism, whereas Nazi militarism seeks to perpetuate the front spirit. German youth, in the Youth Movement itself, was split both ways. In the end the Nazi triumphed and Eugen Dietrichs, once host of both parties, became definitely a Maecenas of the National Socialist intellectuals. Toller's book is invaluable for the light it throws upon the Germany which failed, as well as upon the Germany which succeeded, for it is first hand evidence of the origins of both.

It is not only a personal experience and the experience of a generation, but also—as he says in the introduction—a slice of history. As far as I know, it is the most complete account yet published in English of the short-lived Bavarian Soviet Republic, and such an account has been much needed, for a great deal of the violence of the Nazi movement is belated revenge for this period. It must be remembered that both Toller and Hitler come out of Bavaria—politically speaking. Toller is fortunately an artist before he is a propagandist; he is aware of mistakes; his convictions are influenced by strong esthetic reactions. Life, human motives, human personalities interest him. He is too innately tolerant, too sympathetic to the whole of life, to be a good revolutionist. The very fact makes him a more reliable reporter. Toller in the midst of Bavarian communism is somewhat like Byron at Missolonghi—a little appalled at what he had risked his life for.

We have an insufficient number of artists recording their reactions to these incredible times. Leon Trotsky is an artist who became a revolutionist without losing the mastery of the born writer, and his autobiography and history belong to literature. Toller is also an artist who became a revolutionist—more tender-minded, less robust, less acidly rational than Trotsky. The German revolution threw up no such figures as Trotsky, or Lenin, or Stalin, which is one reason why its life was so brief. All the more reason why one must cherish reports such as this. For those who believe, as I think one must, that the two events destined to influence all our lives for foreseeable time, are the Russian Revolution and German National Socialism, Toller's book will be required reading.

The Bowling Green

Streamlines

(Thoughts in a Dymaxion Car)

I'M interested in this not just as a car, which is relatively unimportant,

But as a symbol of what is forward in every phase of living.

Not only in locomotion, architecture, shipbuilding, but in morals and manners, clothes, religions, even in literature

We grope for the Streamline: to reduce unnecessary wind resistance.

The foreigner gazed with clear alien eyes on the subway advertising-cards.

Reading left to right they bespoke as follows the preoccupations of the American folk:—

Thinning hair, fluent nose, chapping skin, tussive throat, Parmesan breath,

The crumbling gum, the aching shoulder, the flattened foot, dandruff on the collar and every form of intestinal stoppage.

O God, he cried, rescue this people from ill health and self-abasement:

Dan Chaucer and Will Shakespeare took a little dandruff in their stride.

subway; and he looked round quickly with a perfect gesture of anger; and then he saw how enormously large the other man was; suddenly he didn't look angry any more.

Here let me rest:

I will never again have to hunt for the phrase that would be best.

I am interred

And need not search for the perfect word.

To be explicit,

If I did I'd probably miss it.

But write this on my tomb:

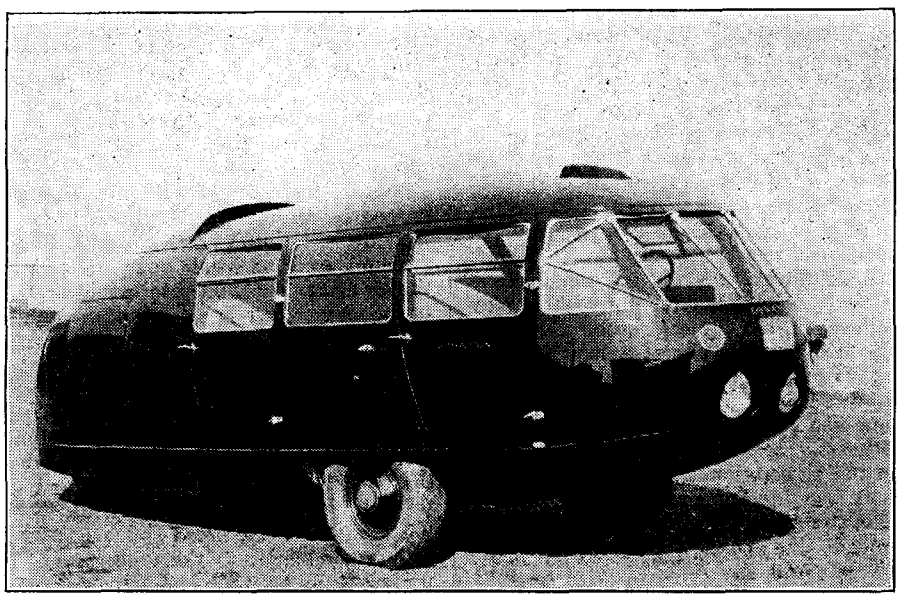
I knew the difference between Who and Whom.

Gasoline trucks had to learn the simple device of trailing a chain on the ground to carry off the static

So they wouldn't explode when they nozzled a filling station—

And this, like everything else, has its parable for poets.

Keep a few rusty links of prose in touch with earth, old son,



DYMAXION CAR—*Courtesy of Buckminster Fuller*

Don't be angry if you didn't hear from me.

Think, if you love me, how I revelled in my rare and precious silence.

Give me something to imitate, cried the American architect, planning Gothic cloisters and bell-towers for New England colleges.

Give me something to imitate and I'll make you the damnedest biggest finest most original imitation in the world.

I am appalled by the Yiddish Hurdler on the new terrace of Rockefeller City.

Under those glorious perpendiculars of building, under such strong simplicities of height, this gesticulating gigolo in gilt.

Besides he is just as immoral as the banished Lenin for the only possible interpretation is that he is escaping from a wedding ring.

By the fountains of Babylon I sat down and roared with laughter.

Take him away, John, and carve instead Virgil's great motto for your City

Which you will find near the end of the VIth book of the *Aeneid*:—

DESCRIBENT RADIO ET SURGENTIA
SIDERA DICENT

Learn to play poker, said the Loch Ness Monster to the boys at a Quaker college;

It is closer to life than theories of economists.

And he was infinitely right.

I saw one man accidentally bumped by another in a crowd hurrying toward the

Or you'll carry one spark too many at the wayside pump.

Nothing ever happens anywhere that isn't a lesson to poets.

From time to time I made note of words that are not in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*

Such as *maverick, ornery, oinosophist, mutt, boloney,* and *ballyhoo; drool, kimono, stag-party* and *bona-roba;*

Merchandize (as verb) and *font* (as case of type)

And from time to time I have wondered whether that teaches me anything about Oxford.

Concise Oxford also speaks of the whale's *breach* as a "leap clear out of water"; I believe students of cetaceans still question this? But if lexicographers had to go out and hunt whales to be certain there would be no time to compile the dictionary. I am fond of obscure questions however; a man of joy delights in the unanswerable. If I were a typographer I would manufacture twice as many question-marks as any other symbol.

Speaking of words, I saw a truck the other day that had written on it: THEO. TIEDEMANN, EXAMINING, SPONGING, COLD WATER SHRINKING & DECATING. What's *decating?*

Long ago I learned the valuable habit of always putting my head under water in the bath-tub. I learned it as a child, aboard ship, because that was the best way to hear and relish the deep rhythm of the engines.

And when one becomes a man one must not put away childish things but continue them, for in an apartment house in New York I discovered that with my head under water in the tub, by some oddity of plumbing and simple physics I could hear what was being said in the apartment downstairs. This was of much service to me in a novel I was writing.

I overheard such odd things that I almost forgot to come up for air.

The student of sociology must learn to put his head below the surface and listen.

Wallowing in the tub, natural association of ideas brings me back to the breaching whale.

I see him rising, huge dark shadow, through the greengloom deeps. He comes to the surface, sighs and welters, rolls me his hopeless eye.

Like Melville, like the *Concise Oxford,* I thought sentimentally, romantically, of the whale. I supposed that when he thrashes the sea to silver with his mighty flukes he was moved by pride and power, pure *joie de baleine.* No, alas; my kinsman, L. N. M., who knows about whales, says it's the parasites that cause it. The whale has the itch. Whale-lice infest him, crab his huge suet, chew the soft gums of his mouth and his big speechless tongue and cause him furious grief. He thrashes the sea to silver with his mighty flukes in hope to rid this nuisance. His trouble is no more lovely than that of a hog under a rail fence.

Perhaps just so the great whales Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, breached in the ocean of literature and thrashed dark seas of ink to silver foam. The parasites were at them: lice of dearth and anger, ambition and disease, laughter and desire. Hail parasites, collaborators!

I read in the newspaper

That a lady on a Singapore cruise

Was standing dreamily beside the vessel's rail

When a flying fish flew down the back of her dress

And she slapped the face of the gentleman next her.

So do we interpret the merriments of Nature

In terms of our trivial etiquette.

What strange suggestions Nature gives us, which we are too stupid to perceive.

Every 24 hours she abolishes consciousness and forgives us the impudence of thinking.

Might this mean we should begin every day with a new mind; draw the fires, clean out the clinkers, abolish memory, start afresh?

Yet we try to dilute the pure whiskey of Today with the gassy soda of Yesterday.

To make appointments for the future is spiritual suicide.

No one is so solicitous of Old English Customs as the American in London, and once when Van Lear Black was carrying on the traditions of the Three Hours for Lunch Club along Fleet Street he heard of a Pub without a Parrot. It was the famous old George in Southwark: their bird had died.

Mr. Black commissioned my kinsman (the same L. N. M.) to scour the East End for a good seaman's polly, warranted loquacious and profane. It was done, and the bird carried across the river. L. N. M., no expert on parrots, supposed the creature's silence was due to shyness or surprise; but to the dismay of all even when well at home in its new quarters the bird never spoke.

That's terrible, said Mr. Black. A dumb parrot is very bad for business; it doesn't look right; it's unEnglish. We'll take the bird back and exchange it.

Beg pardon sir, said the barmaid, but it's this wye. Heveryone thinks 'e can coax a parrot to speak. The word's got abaht and now every dye the bar's five deep with gentlemen wot's positive they can mike 'im talk.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Will Cuppy, Herald Tribune

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her very best."
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A A A A A"
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Philadelphia Inquirer

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Thou shalt not be repressed, thou shalt not make to thyself inhibition or complex—

That was what T. L. Enfelon saw on the stone tablets that fell and interrupted the picnic on Sinai—"T. L.," chief apostle of *guts* in literature, the pale, bearded poet who preached the doctrine of Red Blood and a good old Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. And Miss Effie Sipwater agreed with him—Miss Effie, the Victorian lady housekeeper whom he had persuaded to abandon a promising career of art-embroidery in favor of the performance each day in the nude, to the accompaniment of obscenities firmly uttered, of strange exercises adapted from Congo war-dances.

But other members of the party had their own ideas about the commandments. And so—

OSBERT SITWELL'S
brilliant new satire on the world as it is
MIRACLE ON SINAI
$2
(For a more detailed account, see the Saturday Review of Literature, March 17)
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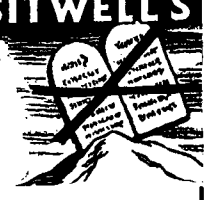

TALES OF MY NATIVE VILLAGE
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The Influence of Motion Pictures

MOTION PICTURES AND YOUTH. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1933.

THE EDUCATIONAL TALKING PICTURE. By Frederick L. Devereux, in collaboration with others. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by KENNETH WHITE

WITH a good deal of justice persons born since 1900 can be distinguished from persons born previously as the movie generation. The distinction may or may not be significant. The Payne Fund was provided to discover the point of such a distinction; in other words, the "social potentialities" of the movies. The results have been embodied in seven of the books listed above, a series called collectively Motion Pictures and Youth.

The men who made these studies had all the paraphernalia necessary—graphs, questionnaires, galvanometers, delinquents, criminals, adolescents—and the training that universities can provide in psychology and the social sciences. They had also certain leads: there has been an unprecedented growth of crime in the past thirty years; certain social concepts, particularly of sexual conduct, are no longer axioms but moot questions; and so on. The obvious procedure is to link up these propositions with a novel element in society and see what the outcome is. In this case the movies are the novel element. The outcome is bound to be interesting.

So the investigators studied children's sleep: they found that a stimulus of excitement interfered with the normal sleep of children. Certain kinds of movies, horror, gangster movies, and the like, might provide such a stimulus. They studied criminals' histories and found some criminals were sometimes induced to imitate some crimes and some crime methods shown in the movies. Delinquent children attend movies more frequently than other children studied. There may or may not be a cause-effect relation between movies and delinquency. Children, the investigators discovered, often form their play patterns on the subject matter of movies. The investigators are at a loss to know what general effect any play pattern has on the later development of any child. One man studied the relative approval of "aggressiveness in love-making" as shown on the screen, among groups of various kinds ranging from college professors to young miners. The young miners approved; the college professors disapproved. And the outcome was as predicted; interesting but inconclusive.

The negative results forestall, somewhat, any criticism of procedure and method. But there are certain points to be made. The specific incitation to crime, for example, cannot always be put down as the cause of crime; consequently, even if the percentages of movie-influence on criminals were higher, nothing would have been proved about the cause of crime. And the cause of crime is its most important feature. Delinquency can be marked in areas in the nation's geography; this is a more significant fact than the frequent presence of delinquents at movies. "Control groups" were, perhaps of necessity, left out of these investigations, except in the instance of children's sleep. These are specific though none the less important criticisms of the investigation. There are more general criticisms in order.

It seems an impertinence to point out to these sociologists that a social force, which the movies undoubtedly are, is difficult of measurement. The movies are not so simple a phenomenon even as the automobile; and yet popular opinion has not yet decided what the ratio is between the sexual virtue of the occupants in a horse-drawn vehicle and that of the occupants of an automobile. The movies form, but they also reflect; they give content to the social milieu but they also take from it. Before these investigators could possibly decide what effects the movies have on children, they have got to decide what kind of children they would like to have about. And before they decide the issue of children, they have got to make up their minds what kind of a society they want. These are questions which they would, as good scientists, probably eschew. Unfortunately the questions will not eschew them: they have disturbed the registration of their galvanometers, wriggled the graph lines, and blurred the answers to their questionnaires.

The investigators say that in the study, for example, of the effect the movies may have on children, they have neglected other possible influences, home life, street life, church life. They have also neglected other things. They have neglected to ask themselves, or anybody else, whether the thing they are dealing with is an industry, an art-form, or an educational medium. If the movies are an industry, solely, certain benefits accrue no matter what happens to the public that consumes them. The national wealth is increased by the intake at the box office; people are employed; certain products used by actors in the movies come to the public's attention in a way not otherwise possible and thus advertising as an allied industry profits; and the industries which are benefited by the advertising profit, too. What more could be asked of any industry? To criticize it as harmful is dangerous. Such criticisms strike at the very base of industry in this country.

But supposing the movies are purely an art-form? The investigators will have to study, for their results to be important at all, the effects of every art-form before they know what the art-form of the movies does to people's emotions. Then they will have to decide what the best function of any art is. Or if the movies are an educational medium divorced from the ends of art and the ends of industry, what then? Their purpose will be supposedly to reflect the best in the society about them. What is that best? The industrialists will have one answer, the artist will have another and not the same one. Yet one investigator in this series has the temerity to say that what is good in the movies reflects the mores and what is bad conflicts with the mores. And what of the mores themselves?

As if the confusion weren't great enough, the movies can easily be discovered to be a mixture of industry, art, and educational medium. And the whole question is up in the air again. The study of the social effect of the movies on any portion of the public will have to be made all over again, once these general matters have reached some kind of resolution. Until then, let those who can get what comfort they can from the vague results of "Motion Pictures and Youth," even if they have to wonder what the parents have been infected with that the children's teeth are set on edge.

The eighth book listed above has very little resemblance to the other seven. It represents an accurate and valuable study of the uses of the educational movie in school curricula. Thoroughly, it discusses the methods of teaching which this particular medium requires, the results that have been obtained with pupils and the results that can be obtained, with an accounting of all the difficulties involved. "The Educational Talking Picture" should prove of great use to anyone vitally interested in educational methods.

* *Motion Pictures and the Social Attitudes of Children. By Ruth C. Peterson and L. L. Thurston.* $1.50. *Children's Sleep. By Samuel Renshaw, Vernon L. Miller, and Dorothy P. Marquis.* $2.00. *The Emotional Responses of Children to the Motion Picture Situation. By Wendell S. Dysinger and Christian A. Ruckmick.* $2. *Motion Pictures and Youth. By W. W. Charters.* $1.50. *Movies and Conduct. By Herbert Blumer.* $1.50. *How to Appreciate Motion Pictures. By Edgar Dale.* $1.20. *Movies, Delinquency and Crime. By Herbert Blumer and Philip M. Hauser.* $1.50.

A Pacific Romance

WOMAN OF SPAIN. By Scott O'Dell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $2.

THIS first novel is a romance of early nineteenth century Spanish settlers on the Bay of San Francisco, and of their struggle with an unbroken land. It is most of all the story of Marta Salazar, a girl magnificent in peasant strength.

Carefully and beautifully, Mr. O'Dell builds up his wide background of sweeping mountain-range and forest and sea. He peoples it with wild life, hawk, bear, zopilote, he fills the mission-pastures of Dolores with flocks and herds, and shows us with minute, satisfying detail the mission itself. He paints careful pictures of his characters; they have the same vividness and solidity as the landscape and the animals. In fact, all is well with these clearly-seen people of his until they begin to speak.

It is then that a vague dissatisfaction creeps in; one grows aware that the subtler reality of human character has not been grasped by Mr. O'Dell with the sureness and understanding with which he has seized externals.

The story, perhaps because of a certain artificiality, of an occasional melodramatic flavor, or perhaps because of the inadequacy of the protagonists, never quite holds the reader's mind. One must hope that in his next novel Mr. O'Dell will create characters of a truth and depth to match the unfailing beauty and strength of his descriptive passages.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE lively *Louis Bromfield* has returned to France. The last time I ran into him was in the Algonquin, after I had just seen and been much impressed by *Sidney Howard's* "Yellow Jack." Louis introduced me to *Clemence Dane* at the next table, and I had a chance to say a few faltering words to Miss Dane about how grand an experiment I thought was "Come of Age." On the other side of the table sat *Judith Anderson,* who helped phenomenally to make "Come of Age" the absorbing evening that it was. In my humble opinion Miss Anderson's performance in that play is one of the great performances of our day—and I don't mean the scene on the stairs, alone, outside the young man's door, which everybody picks out. That was comparatively easy for her. I mean her interpretation of her role throughout. . . . At an earlier date I heard Bromfield, at dinner at *Arthur Train's,* expatiate upon the marvels of Swedish food. His gustatory appreciation is phenomenal. To hear him, there must be in Sweden some sort of Valhalla of the gods where there is endless feast at groaning tables, and the eternal draining of mighty tankards. . . . Louis will spend this summer at his home in Senlis, but expects to return to America in the Fall. His latest opus, "Here Today and Gone Tomorrow," will be brought out by Harper & Brothers within a few days. . . . *E. V. Lucas,* the renowned English essayist, is now visiting *Charlie Chaplin* at Beverly Hills. His remarkable remark about America—though he has been here before—was recently wired to his publishers. It is "Why didn't somebody warn me about Kansas?" . . . If you are one of the many staunch adherents of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Men Against the Sea," by *Charles Nordhoff* and *James Norman Hall,* you'll be glad to know (if you don't already) that these books are two-thirds of a trilogy of sea stories, the third of which, "Pitcairn's Island," is still to come. In a series now running in the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Hall tells of his recent trip to Pitcairn's island, to clear up topographical details, and the dramatic adventures of the return trip. . . . In case you heard differently, there are no copies in existence of *George Cronyn's* "The Fool of Venus," containing the heartfelt comment on the last page, "The end—thank God!" It is true that, when Mr. Cronyn finished the final version of his large book, he wrote those words on the last page of the manuscript, and that a compositor set the comment and that it appeared on six sets of proofs—but the words were deleted before any part of the first edition appeared. Therefore collectors searching for such an item will be disappointed. . . . According to the *Publishers' Weekly,* "Ulysses" ranked fifth among the twenty-five books of best-selling fiction for the month of February. . . . The first detective story to be admitted into the select circle of the Modern Library is *Dashiell Hammett's* "The Maltese Falcon." And a cracking good story it is! And speaking of *Joyce,* it seems that the Random House edition of "Ulysses" has stimulated the sale of "Dubliners" and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (my own candidate for Joyce's masterpiece!), both of which the Modern Library has had to reprint. . . . One is always hearing the histories of much-rejected stories. The latest is told me by *Ann Watkins.* In January, 1933, *Norman Matson,* author of "Day of Fortune" and other novels (he wrote one once about a witch in Paris that I mightily enjoyed while crossing the Atlantic) handed to Ann, his agent, his first short story. He thought it might be sold to a magazine. Over a year later, in February of this year, to be exact, the story *was* sold—after eighteen rejections. In the meantime Matson had written twenty-four stories and sketches and had sold to fifteen magazines. Now let the neophytes think that over! . . . *Lothrop Stoddard* is taking time by the scalplock and writing a novel about the next war, in collaboration with *Constantine Brown.* It is called "American Siempre." . . . I am a superstitious sort of person, so when I hear that E. P. Dutton is publishing a book by *Dr. Alexander Cannon,* called "The Invisible Influence," it interests me strangely. Here is a distinguished scientist, a doctor of medicine, a celebrated psychiatrist, a master of arts, and a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society telling you what he witnessed when he went a-journey to the Grand Lama of Thibet. He saw a tree withered by a pointed finger, and used his camera to record the fact. He found the laws of nature suspended, to enable him to pass over a gulf fifty feet wide. He saw the actual raising of the dead. *Major Yeats-Brown,* of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," has seen as strange phenomena in India. Are we to believe Dr. Cannon? I guess the only way to decide will be to read the book. . . . One of my favorite English writers is *A. P. Herbert.* His novel "The Water Gipsies" gained him a lot of friends over here, and now his new one is in galley proof. First he called it "Unholy Matrimony"—but lately he has changed the title to "Holy Deadlock," which I like even better. . . . *Carl Sandburg* has been in Honolulu giving a series of lectures sponsored by the University of Hawaii. . . . Speaking of *Judith Anderson,* as I was at the beginning of this column, I have now read the news that she is going to play *Gladys Cooper's* part in a second company of *Keith Winter's* "The Shining Hour" which is about to open on the Coast. . . . *Don Marquis* has a play on Henry the Eighth which has not been produced but is published by *Doubleday, Doran.* It is called "Master of the Revels." Don says he has always had a sneaking sympathy for "that ribald, disreputable old hellion." I wonder what he thought of *Charles Laughton's* performance in the talking picture. Anyway, a typical bit from Don's "novel in play form," as he calls it, is Henry's argument, "Wolsey, you'd think the queen would feel frightened, wouldn't you? I would do her a service if I divorced her! It would save her soul! It would wake her from sin! By God's nails, Wolsey, if she were as religious as I, she would 'a' seen it herself!" . . . *Louis Adamic,* whose "The Native's Return" has caused so much comment, is planning in May to start with his wife on a tour of America which will take about two years. He wants to learn as much about America as he knows about Yugoslavia. . . . Picking up a book on my desk I read the portentous title, "Creation's Doom," on the backstrip. But under it appears the word, "Papp," which rather destroys its effectiveness. The author of this book, however, is one *Desiderius Papp,* and his forecast of the fate in store for the earth, etc., is worth your inquiring about of D. Appleton-Century Company. . . . One of the Harper books for April will be a book of poems by *Leonard Bacon,* "Dream and Action." Speaking of Louis Bromfield's love of eating, Leonard Bacon himself is no pale and pining poet. He informed me with emphatic gestures at a late supper that that was what his native New England couldn't understand about him. Late at night he loved to devour whole sides of beef and drain whole hogsheads! I don't know what one is to do about the Gargantuan tendencies of these authors—except to arrange an eating and drinking contest between Bromfield and Bacon! . . . Then there is the poet who has decided to raise his own provender. *Edward Davison,* the English poet, who married an American wife and has lived over here for some time, has just purchased a farm up the Hudson. . . . Which reminds me—because they once taught together up at Vassar—that still another American poet, now world-famous as the author of "Anthony Adverse," exults in the pleasures of the table. His name is *Hervey Allen.* . . . This is all making me extremely hungry at this point, and maybe I shall toy with a thin lettuce sandwich! . . . *Lewis Browne,* having finished "How Odd of God," delivered himself of the dictum that the only brown shirt he liked was the old Browne shirt—but, actually preferring no shirt at all, he is spending several weeks cruising in Polynesia. . . . *Sheila Kaye-Smith* is still writing about the Alard family in England! . . . A book coming out next fall, that should contain a rich record of literary contacts, will be the "Reminiscences" of *Curtis Brown,* the famous English literary agent. Harper will publish it here. . . . *John Farrar* wrote *Tim Coward* a long and enthusiastic letter concerning *MacKinlay Kantor's* "Long Remember," which Coward-McCann publish. He made a prophecy that the book would sell thirty to fifty thousand copies exclusive of Literary Guild distribution. So publishers do not always lie in ambush to cut each other's throats. Here's one actually cheering another on! . . . Doggone it, why will we always be a-suspectin' of 'em!

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This book is beautifully written, and in it the reader will walk in Dante's company, coming to know not only the man, the poet and the statesman, but the divine poem as well.

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Across Arabia

THE EMPTY QUARTER, Being a Description of the Great South Desert of Arabia Known as Rub' al Khali. By H. St. J. B. Philby. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by OWEN LATTIMORE

THE Arabs themselves penetrate into the Empty Quarter in search of irregular pastures after the undependable rains; or to hunt the oryx, which is a rare inhabitant of the abomination of desolation, and a notable contributor to the legend of the unicorn. The Arabs also use the edges of the great desert by stealth when raiding against each other; but even the Arabs do not make bold to strike straight across the Great South Desert. It has been said that after both North and South Pole had been reached, the crossing of this Arabian waste was the greatest prize remaining in geographical exploration. It has now been crossed twice, by different routes, and in successive years.

On Mr. Philby's crossing, the distance between one well and the next was 375 miles. The camels went ten days without water except what was poured into them through the nose in a cautious ration "to cool their brains." The deciding march lasted twenty-one hours, during eighteen of which the camels were on the move. They covered seventy miles on that march alone, although they had already been five days without water and "had already travelled for two whole months in the leanest of deserts almost without respite."

Mr. Philby begins his introduction to his book in the subdued British mood of deprecation saying that, "When all is said and done the Empty Quarter would seem to be far from justifying the lurid colors in which it has been painted." Then he goes on to honor another traveller, Bertram Thomas; for there is an irony in the worthy recital of this noble journey. Mr. Philby had entered young into the select company of the great Arabian travellers; he crossed Arabia at about its greatest width between Persian Gulf and Red Sea, a thing which had only once been done before, and that a hundred years ago, in the honorable history of attempts to penetrate Arabia.

For another fourteen years Mr. Philby studied and travelled; his previous journeys, illustrated on one of the maps in this book, make a proud reticulation. Then, after he had for years matured his plans for the exploration of the Rub' al Khali, and been more than once disappointed, Bertram Thomas, in a journey as daring as a raid, anticipated him and took the honors of priority. It was not until the next year that Philby himself was able to bring off the journey that is described in "The Empty Quarter." The two books, the "Arabia Felix" of Thomas and the "Empty Quarter" of Philby, will therefore always be a pair. Both men have stood by the old school of books of travel; they have written for their peers and up to the level of their own achievements, disdaining to write down to the public that wants only sensational stuff. Mr. Philby is sober in the old and magnificent manner. His prose is not the prose of a great master of English; but the vigor of the action he has lived and the emotion he has experienced have lifted his book to the high place it deserves in the record of Arabian travel.

There is no land to equal Arabia for the demands it makes on a traveller. Together with Tibet it still withstands the tourist and the amateur who wish to pose as travellers. Even more than Tibet it demands both knowledge and wisdom, together with a deep instinct for the hearts and minds of men and a swift, unerring tact in handling them. A respectful reading of Mr. Philby's book will reveal that he is one of the very great in the records of Arabian travel, and a man, therefore, of an uncommon stature.

It is a pity that the photographs are reproduced in such a faded and undistinguished way.

The Alamo Bad Man

SANTA ANNA. The Napoleon of the West. By Frank C. Hanighen. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $3.50.

THE extraordinary career of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, revolutionist, president, Mexican dictator, ended just as Porfirio Diaz was about to begin his long reign. Born in 1794 and dying in 1876, he saw one of the most picturesque of lands and people live out of its colonial period and into the modern era and for half a century himself stood in the full glare of history's limelight.

Santa Anna was the "villain" of the Alamo and for years, indeed, the pet foreign devil of Yankee-land and in particular of the American Southwest. He was Sam Houston's captive at the battle of San Jacinto. Old Zack Taylor, one leg thrown over the saddle pommel as he sat his famous horse, Whitey, refused his demand for surrender before the battle of Buena Vista. Grant, Sherman, Jefferson Davis were among the many Americans who, as comparatively young men, came into his story. As a captive he made a more or less triumphal progress through the United States to dicker with "Old Hickory" Jackson about the future of what is now Texas. He was in and out of the Mexican presidency over and over again, knew the humiliation of exile (although it can't be said that exile ever dampened his egoistic inner fires) and the triumphal return from exile. He showed real military ability at times, at others mere bluff; was a past master in the art of issuing grandiloquent pronunciamentos, and, whatever happened, playing the national hero and keeping the center of the stage. He was a sort of arch-type of the Mexico of his time.

Merely to set down the outstanding happenings in that at once brilliant and more or less meretricious career, is to recall all sorts of scenes, personalities, and events of vivid interest to present-day Americans. It is easy enough to understand why anyone should be attracted to Santa Anna as a subject for a biography. This mere following of historical sequence Mr. Hanighen accomplishes adequately enough for popular purposes. His very evident contempt for the subject of his work, the quite frankly hostile tone with which he frequently refers to "our hero," his inability to enter, even for artistic purposes, into an alien and exotic psychology, make his story fall far short of what it might be. Santa Anna was, if you will, a charlatan. He was also, in spite of bluff, graft, and what not, a national hero. He is, in short, a subject for a delicate and understanding irony, of which our author seems incapable.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER OF THE SECRET AGENT *J. S. Fletcher* (Knopf: $2.)	Camberwell and Chaney are badly shot up apprehending clever killers of British jewel expert.	Extraordinarily good example of rather ordinary tale of murder and deduction turned into engrossing thriller.	Top rank
THE PORTCULLIS ROOM *Valentine Williams* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Rascally French count stabbed with laird's *skean-dhu* in haunted room of Scottish castle and guest solves crime.	With burned matches and snuffed candles Phil Verity throws light on tragedies old, new, and pending.	Bonny
THE MYSTERY OF THE FIDDLING CRACKSMAN *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2)	Fantastic safe-robbing *cum* Balkan romance *cum* international complications *cum laude*- and funnier.	From typically Keelerian word-welter pop-eyed reader disentangles strongbox worthy of Rube Goldberg's wildest dreams.	Jeeze!
THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS NAME *Edgar Wallace & R. G. Curtis* (Crime Club: $2)	Crimeless and sleuthless is this tale set in London's suburbs, but the sinister threat of villainy hangs darkly above it.	Reader's interest is kept alive, but not finally satisfied, by a plot that is worthy of better management and writing.	Disappointing

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For Every Young Couple

DICTIONARY OF GIVEN NAMES. By Flora Haines Loughead. Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED H. HOLT

"DO you know what your name means?" is the question that this entertaining volume may popularize. About 11,000 names, from all sorts of languages, are here defined by derivation. According to the preface, eighteen years of research went into this "pioneer study, perhaps the most extensive in its field." While the book is especially useful for parents in search of an auspicious baptismal name, many a surname which can be traced to or used as a given name is defined. Examples are: Alcott (dweller in old cottage), Dempsey (proud), Sharkey (amorous), Garfield (spear-field), Harding (resolute), Hoyt (riotous mirth), Lindbergh (gently rising hill), Taft (a plumbing process), Vanderbilt (a ship carpenter), Winchell (hoist or windlass), Wylie (beguiling).

Perhaps the most important feature of this study is its calling attention to names that might be incongruous or even unsavory, as in the case of Noma (a gangrenous ulceration of the mouth in children). Some of these are: Abel (vanity), Algernon (bearded), Angus (narrow), Caleb (dog), Calvin (bald), Fabian (dilatory), Gideon (destroyer), Jabez ("he gives pain"), Sabin (conceited), Simon (flat-nosed), Ulysses (hater). If you want a pet-name for your sweetheart, dont' call her Acantha (thorny), Anaxo (unsymmetrical), Calvilla (bald), Delida (eliminated), Dracena (lady dragon), or Durga (the inaccessible). "Ziz" would be all right, because that means "Blossom."

Sometimes the apparent root is deceptive. Celestine, for instance, is "heavenly," but Celia is "blind." Carita is "charity," but Carisa is "artful woman." Korah is "icy," but Cora is "maiden," while Karya, from the Greek, is "nut," and "Carrie" is no relation. Contrasting meanings may be derived from the same root, as with Giles (shield-bearer, and young goat) or Adina (voluptuous, and slender) or Miriam (exalted, and rebellion).

Depending on which language you choose, a name like Gale (or Gayle) can mean eight different things. Mildred, compounded of two quite different Anglo-Saxon words, may mean either "gentle counselor" or "threatener." If you derive Grace from the French, it means "fat" (as *paté de foie gras*).

Some names are made to appear incongruous because of associations that will probably never be forgotten. Salome connotes (or at least it should) "peaceable or perfect"; Jonah is, by origin, "divine prince" or "dove." Others amuse because of purely ephemeral associations which make them, none-the-less, slightly ridiculous. Edsel is described as "rich in himself." Marcel implies "warlike." And Claudette Colbert means "little lame one (of) cool brightness."

If a Henry should marry a Harriet, there might be some Eris (which means "discord" and should not be confused with Eros), because the husband would, by derivation, be "the ruler of the home," and the wife "the mistress of the house." However, let the wife be Elvetta (wise little home ruler) and trouble may be averted. Better not have Camilla or Doris for bridesmaids, as the former means "attendant at a sacrifice" and the latter "sacrificial knife." The baby can appropriately be named Phineas, "mouth of brass." If a girl, she might be christened Egbertine alarmingly bright) or Lovella (combative woman of intellect), and then groomed for the Bryn Mawr debating team. If a succession of girls come, and no boy, try naming one Hopestill as the Puritans sometimes did. There is a Hebrew name, Finette, which means "little addition"—all we need now is a euphonious word for "blessed event."

Quotations and other interesting comments (such as that Freelove was once a popular Puritan name for a girl, and that Dixie was originally the negro name for Manhattan when slavery flourished there) serve to break up whatever monotony there might be in these long lists. The quotations often do not seem, however, to throw any light on the meaning of the name. Take Wilfrid, which means "resolute peacemaker." The appended quotation, from Scott, is something about "fancy's spoil'd and wayward child."

The book is a complete department-store of names for the writer of fiction. Just as a sample: the lion-hearted hero can be Leonard, with a wife Matilda (mighty battle-maid); or the young lovers of a romance might be Daryl (darling) and Lanette (little by-path). One wonders if Dickens would have chosen Hugh as the name for the caveman hostler of "Barnaby Rudge" had he known it implied "intellectual."

A striking section on "Twins" is included. While most of the suggestions are feasible enough, we cannot help viewing with alarm: Abelard and Abronia, Silas and Sirena, and Waldemar and Wahlene.

Attention need hardly be called to two surprising blunders which will strike the eye of even the casual reader. Clive is listed as having been "possibly coined by Thackeray." But why, when we know that Colonel Newcome served in India and doubtless worshipped Lord Clive? Then, under Levine, we read "leader of the Soviet uprising in Russia." We recall an air-minded individual named Levine, but have not heard of any children being named after him.

The author makes a great point of Jack's being the nickname for Jacob, not John. Webster does not support this any more than does popular usage—and just what causes nicknames if it is not popular usage? The whole story of Jack, Jacob, and James is one of bewildering interest. Mrs. Loughead does not mention Jacques, the French name (pronounced nearly like Jack) which can mean either Jacob or James. Jacobus is the Latin for both Jacob and James, while both Greek and Italian have forms similar to Jacobus which mean James. In fact, Webster says, laconically, "James = Jacob," and with this Mrs. Loughead is in agreement. Jecobites were adherents of James II of England; Jacobins were the radicals of 1789 in France—the Jacques I, II, II, etc., of "The Tale of Two Cities."

Dickens lovers will object to the implication that *Wilkins* has come into popularity as a given name in tribute to the Arctic explorer. Where, they ask Mrs. Loughead, has Wilkins Micawber been all her life?

The American Indian and Chinese inclusions are of interest, the former being important in the study of place-names. They are not always complimentary but are exceedingly picturesque, as in the case of *Yilnaba*, "she arrived with a war." Chinese, unlike Indians, are over-sensitive about literal translation of names.

You will not want to read this massive volume from cover to cover, nor is it indispensable as a reference book. But it contains material capable of convulsing any large dinner-party, and, what's more, is just full of things that every young married couple should know.

Go on—laugh Mr. Garnett!

Half America is laughing on the escalator with you.

● David (Lady Into Fox) Garnett writing in a serious London weekly says: "If I were to say that I have laughed a dozen times over some of the chapters of MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES, it would just injure the book, and would not do me any good either. There is nothing people think more shameful than other people laughing, and nothing that they more dislike having to watch. If they hear a couple of people laughing together in the street, people always look shocked and think the laugh is at them. But one man laughing alone on an escalator is even more unpopular."

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AN INTRODUCTION BY
DOROTHY CANFIELD
FOR
Seven Gothic Tales
BY ISAK DINESEN

NEW YORK MCMXXXIV
HARRISON SMITH AND ROBERT HAAS

THIS is the title page of a handsomely printed brochure which will be sent (for 10c) to all readers of The Saturday Review who are interested in sharing with Dorothy Canfield her exotic sensations in tasting a new literary flavor—the flavor of SEVEN GOTHIC TALES. You will hear a great deal more about this captivating book (the April selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club), meanwhile the brochure provides an informative background for your later enjoyment. It will be an addition to your collection of interesting literary items. Just clip the coupon or drop a note to the publishers.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

REASON AND BEAUTY IN THE POETIC MIND. By Charles Williams. Oxford University Press. 1934. $2.50.

These studies are not so portentous as the title seems to suggest. "They do not attempt to consider what poets ought to do, only what they have done." They are concerned with literary criticism rather than with esthetic philosophy. And literary criticism is better than esthetic philosophy, more solid, more interesting, and less pretentious. It is better to talk of esthetics apropos of poets than of poets apropos of esthetics. Croce is a good critic because he is a good critic, not because he is a philosopher, and no better critic than others who flourish no philosophy. Mr. Williams is most suggestive when he is least abstract; when he analyzes "The Prelude" or "The Ode to a Nightingale"; when he looks at the relation of English literature to the skeleton in its closet, that "dark realism" which haunts it, that tragedy of an unintelligible world; or when he comforts himself with the thought that perhaps it may be just to say that, in this mode of experience called the world, there are at least two great realities, Shakespeare and Death.

This bitter splendor, this "nightmare Life-in-Death," is no abstraction. The Elizabethans bragged about it, the Jacobeans intellectualized it, the Augustans shut it up, the earlier Romantics let it partly out, the Victorians chained it, and since then we have not at all agreed what to do with it. It has, in the course of literature, been received as a new discovery, which is silly; and denied as morbid, which is sillier, and anatomized at great length, which is transitory; and transmuted into sex problems or political problems, which is still more transitory; or made over to the guardianship of a superior intellectual society, which is the silliest and most transitory of all. Marriage with the skeleton is perhaps the wisest intercourse with it, with all that marriage involves of intimacy and strangeness. And the child of that marriage "is a being that we shall never understand until we become skeletons ourselves, if then. But that it has always been the closest neighbor of mankind and a continual intimate of the genius of poets, there is no doubt at all." Mr. Williams's book is condensed and worth reading more than once. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty"; he does not attempt to prove this true, but rather to show in what way it has been understood by Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, and Keats; and that is a result more solid, more interesting and less pretentious.

A. N. C.

SOVIET LITERATURE. An Anthology. Edited and translated by George Reavy and Marc Slonim. Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.50.

Much of the more readable Soviet writing has already been translated and published in the West in the usual commercial way. Such a novel as Kataev's hilariously amusing "The Embezzlers," for instance, is just as understandable to the everyday English or American reader as the work of any of his own popular writers of fiction. There is a certain ground for assuming that work which hasn't been risked in translation won't be readable in the sense that it will strike fire in the minds of any considerable audience of Western readers. The assumption can be carried too far, of course, but it has its basis.

The intellectually curious will wish, nevertheless, to sample Soviet writing whether they can understand it or not; others will have missed some of the more readable Soviet writings already published—there is, in short, a place for such an anthology as this. There are extracts, for example, from the fiction of Zamiatin, Pilnyak, and Kataev, all fairly well-known in this country, and from a score of writers less well-known. Some fifty pages are given to translated poetry—a sad task at best, generally, and productive of little nourishment in the literal transference of thought made here. Then there are some rather turgid introductory remarks by the compilers, and various extracts from Soviet criticism, and the more or less eccentric pronouncements of Futurists, Constructivists, and so on.

> Constructivism is not a current in art, as many think. Constructivism by its very nature repudiates art as a product of bourgeois culture. Constructivism is an ideology which originated in proletarian Russia during the Revolution, and like all ideology, Constructivism has a practical bearing only in so far as it creates consumers. Hence the problem of Constructivism is the organization of a communist environment by the creation of constructive man. Invention and technique are the two intellectual productive means to this end. Intellectual-material production is composed of three elements: of tectonics, construction, and fabrication. . .

The above rather horrible example is from the period of 1923 when the boundaries and nature of proletarian art were fixed with more severity and less humor than they are now. It is scarcely fair to the book as a whole, the literary samples in which are sometimes not only interesting in themselves but reflect the changing revolutionary psychologies of the past seventeen years. It will be found useful by students and those who wish a smattering, at least, of Soviet literature since the Revolution.

Fiction

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY BOY. By Dawn Powell. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

In this novel of the country boy come to town, only the chief character has individuality, and he behaves so unconventionally that the book and the man, after rather noisy progress, end in frustration. The other characters are stock types—the dumb wife, the faithful female friend, the jazzy telephone girl, the chasing executive. These durable but dull beings wander through a story which, in spite of some excellent rhetoric, never quite achieves either charm or force. Only those who enjoy seeing how silly their bosses can be will be enthralled by Miss Powell's latest book.

After boyhood on the farm, Christopher Bennett becomes general manager of a factory. He marries his childhood sweetheart, Joy, the girl who never grew up, rises to wealth and luxury, but after a time finds himself involved in labor disputes, and later resorts to wine and women to drown his business troubles.

Along comes the depression to complete the liquidation of the Bennetts and back they go to the farm, which Chris accepts as the life for him.

Miss Powell has done better work than this in her "Tenth Moon" and will do so again. Her writing has vigor and occasionally beauty; her difficulty here is strategic, not tactical. She picked the wrong tale, and filled it with oafs.

M. D. P.

THE MAN WITH FOUR LIVES. By William Joyce Cowen. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

This is a short book, but it would have been better as a short story, save for certain descriptions the author introduces that spring from his own experience in the Great War, and are memorable. The explanation of the apparent mystery was guessed by this reviewer when little more than half-way through the book. And it takes a good deal of believing. Nevertheless, Mr. Cowen has a graphic pen—or typewriter—and even though he evidently sympathizes with good old Chilton's brief and biting dismissal of pacifists and with

(*Continued on page* 598)

GRAHAM Greene

His new book is a brilliantly prismatic novel of modern London which, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, "may initiate a movement to wean English fiction from its present competent dullness."

IT'S A BATTLEFIELD

A story of swirling drama, continual surprise and beauty. $2.00

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★ "Best-sellers" and distinguished young authors, they have produced such books as Greene's memorable THE MAN WITHIN and ORIENT EXPRESS, and Winter's OTHER MAN'S SAUCER and THE RATS OF NORWAY.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
BUT NOT THE END *Frederick Nebel* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Novel	The author of "Sleepers East" has written a tightly dramatic story of a post-1929 group of New Yorkers which seems destined for the movies. The man is good.	Keen
LARAMIE RIDES ALONE *Will Ermine* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Crack cattleman's detective returns to Wyoming to find his younger brother rubbed out. Our hero has the determination of them Northwest cops.	Standard
THE FIGHTING DANITES *Dane Coolidge* (Dutton: $2.)	Historical Novel	The author, who knows his stuff, tells a lively tale of a U. S. spy in the Mormon army which was prepared to defend their territory against invasion by government troops.	Unusual
BESSIE COTTER *Wallace Smith* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	Novel	Why the author of "The Captain Hates the Sea" should have written this probably accurate but pointless study of the residents of an old-fashioned St. Louis bordello, we can't figure out.	Dull
THE MAN WITH FOUR LIVES *William J. Cowen* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Horror Story	The mental disintegration of an officer and gentleman of the British Army who apparently killed the same German three times during the war. The noble British traditions are overworked a bit, but it's an unusual tale.	OK

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks,
(Four weeks to the month, you may mark),
But never as yet ('t is your Captain who speaks)
Have we caught the least glimpse of a Snark!

THE Snark, let us at once remark, is symbolical for that story the scene of which was laid in Constantinople and which had "some particularly piquant references to prominent European personages" of two or three years ago, for which we ourselves searched in vain for *A. F. of New York City,* and for information on which we recently appealed to our readers. We're making reference to it again partly because we have been much inspirited by the rush of knowledge which rose up to confute our ignorance in regard to JAN OF THE MILL and partly as a Pullman porter might go through his car calling, "Last call for dinner." Three times and out, we're afraid; if we can't get light on it after this last despairing, pitiful appeal, we'll have to let it become The Great Unsolved Mystery. As to Jan or John or Jack, or what you will, of the Mill, in addition to the correspondent who wrote us of it the other day, we've had word from *Steven T. Byington, of Ballard Vale, Mass.*, who writes us

> I take from the shelf a book I bought for a dime some months ago, and copy the title-page:
>
> The
> Life and Adventures
> of
> Jack of the Mill:
> A Fireside Story.
> By William Howitt.
> In two Volumes. Vol. I.
> Second Edition.
> London: Longmans, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
> 1845.

The two volumes are bound in one, Mr. Byington writes, and by turning the leaves it quickly becomes evident that the hero was successively known as Jack-of-the-Mill, John-of-the-Mill, John Othmill, Othmill the Lollard, Sir John Othmill, Baron Waldeck, and the Knight of Kitcottie. Further, our friend, Mr. Christopher Ward, whose parodies at one time added so much gusto to the pages of the *Saturday Review,* sends us a leaf torn from a second-hand book catalogue which shows that the tale is still to be had, and our *alter ego,* Ruth Flint, has found it safely listed in the New York Public Library under the title THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK OF THE MILL, in an edition published in 1844 by Harpers. So now a long farewell to all Jack's greatness.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

We hope *A. H. R. of Marblehead, Mass.*, hasn't given up all hope of ever hearing from us in response to an inquiry he addressed to us long ago. He wrote:

Could you give me any information of any book taking the story of the Garden of Eden, in the Bible, only from a metaphorical point of view? Also any book on the subject of Good and Evil?

With no more than a mention of Cabell's SOMETHING ABOUT EVE (McBride), since we don't believe it is in the vein A. H. R. desires, we pass on to Philip Littell's THIS WAY OUT (Coward-McCann), a book published a few years ago which is both thoughtful and clever. Then there is Murray Sheehan's EDEN (Dutton), a queer, pathetic tale, original in conception, with an awkward, gripping sort of pathos; Marc Connelly's highly successful play, THE GREEN PASTURES (Farrar & Rinehart), and Roark Bradford's OL' MAN ADAM AN' HIS CHILLUN (Harpers), from which it was adapted. These, perhaps will serve as a sample of the books which A. H. R. wishes. As to the more philosophical studies he wants, these discussions of good and evil are likely to fall fairly sharply into two groups, those written from an ethical point of view and those from a religious. Among the latter are N. S. Talbot's RIDDLE OF LIFE (Longmans, Green), William D. Ross's RIGHT AND THE GOOD (Oxford University Press), and THE PROBLEM OF RIGHT CONDUCT (Longmans, Green), a textbook of Christian ethics, by Peter Green. In the first category are such works, of course, as Nietzsche's BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL, which is to be had in an edition edited by Oscar Levy (Macmillan), AN INTRODUCTION TO ETHICS (Scribners), by Frank Thilly, and THE MEANING OF RIGHT AND WRONG (Macmillan), by Richard C. Cabot. This very week there is to appear a volume by H. L. Mencken (Knopf), under a title similar to that of the last-named book: TREATISE ON RIGHT AND WRONG. The aforementioned works, of course, are but a drop in the sea of philosophical and ethical literature which exists on the subject of good and evil. A. H. R. should turn also to Frazer's GOLDEN BOUGH (Macmillan), which he will find fascinating and illuminating reading.

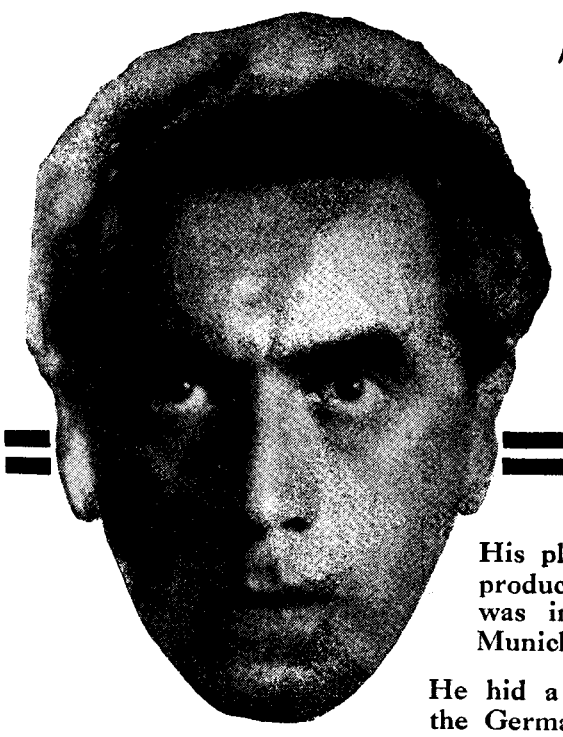
GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY

As to THE GOLDEN BOUGH, we wish also to recommend that to *Mrs. F. M. D. of Washington, D. C.*, whose request for information on books dealing with Greek and Roman mythology has been relayed to us. In addition we suggest Bulfinch's AGE OF FABLE (Dutton: Everyman's Library), the best working compendium for the general student. And we ought to say, before we leave the subject, since we didn't say it a moment ago while we were directly concerned with that monumental work, THE GOLDEN BOUGH, that an abbreviated edition, entitled LEAVES FROM THE GOLDEN BOUGH (Macmillan), was issued a few years ago by the author's wife. Also, for anyone who wants some of the old stories told in charming fashion, and simply enough for children as well as their elders to enjoy them, there is always Hawthorne's TANGLEWOOD TALES.

PERIOD FURNITURE

We have a letter from D. R. of Morgantown, W. Va., putting rather a poser to us. He asks first for a book which clearly describes the characteristics of period furniture, secondly, for one which describes the jointing, mitering, and hidden details of construction, and last—and here especially lies the difficulty—for a work "that dwells at some length upon the proper proportion of one part to another, much as the human body is judged by the ideals set forth by the ancient Greeks."

To take up his question in the order of its parts there are several works to which D. R. can refer for guidance on the various periods: PERIOD FURNISHINGS (Clifford & Lawton), by C. R. Clifford, a lavishly illustrated "encyclopædia of ornament" (which takes up fittings as well as furniture), or THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF PERIOD FURNITURE, by H. D. Eberlein and Abbott McClure (Lippincott), containing numerous illustrations and a good index, FURNITURE STYLES (Pitman), by H. E. Binstead, or THE PERIOD FURNITURE HANDBOOK (Dodd, Mead), by G. G. and F. Gould. As to the details of construction, D. R. ought to be able to find assistance in APPLIED SCIENCE FOR WOODWORKERS (Ronald), by W. H. Dooley; THE ART OF WOODWORKING AND FURNITURE MAKING (Dryad), by A. Gregory, or PROBLEMS IN FURNITURE DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION (Bruce), by A. S. Madsen and J. J. Lukowitz. Now, "the proper proportion of one part to another." Aye, there's the rub. Our investigations have disclosed nothing so far that helps, though we've had our doughty Ruth Flint on the trail, and what evades her conscientious efforts must be a vanishing quantity indeed. We ourself had an interesting few minutes when in the course of our wanderings we read through the article on furniture in the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA. We culled all sorts of picturesque bits from it, as that in Asia generally raised seats are not used and when they exist are in very truth "the seats of the mighty," that in Levantine houses, where deewans (divans) take the place of chairs, tables are small so that they can be drawn up to the couches which are immovable, and except for them, furniture is practically non-existent, shelving along the wall supplying place for articles of all sorts; that in the days of Louis XIV Versailles was supplied with silver furniture, in the royal apartments at least, and that the Empire style was almost entirely the result of the efforts of two or three designers to please Napoleon. All this and much more we found, but nary a word about what we sought. If any of our readers knows aught that might help, let him speak, or Ruth Flint and ourself will never know peace.



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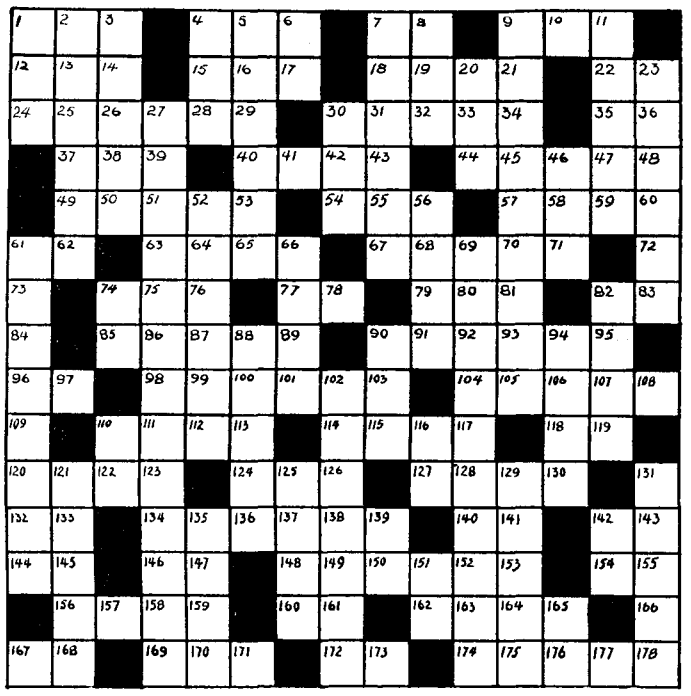
Double-Crostics: Number 1

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing! The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken.



DEFINITIONS

I. 1-14-23-50-95. A perfume of roses.
II. 145-6-28-90-137. Child's game played with cards and numbers.
III. 97-8-79-146-98-61-75-77-76-32-27-19-133. Light as a feather.
IV. 80-85-60-113-51-58-48. Held in high esteem; worshipped.
V. 81-172-31-84-24-176-65-89. Insubstantial.
VI. 112-45-114-164-149-173-142-36. The business section of a city.
VII. 144-102-2-63. Material for bandages.
VIII. 37-4-66-82-110-116-62. Upholstered backless seat.
IX. 100-106-33-5-122-41-138-69-83-13-162-127. A Russian pianist.
X. 40-59-52-25. A drupe with a single seed.
XI. 135-175-3-73. Movement of the ocean.
XII. 130-43-129-107-111-55-139-47. To alienate.
XIII. 15-121-92-136-101-39. A mighty hunter.
XIV. 167-9-140-46-105. Artless; simple.
XV. 119-54-104-17-153-34. Hebrew God.
XVI. 134-64-128-168-16-30. Flat, dark image.
XVII. 155-125-78-148-143-165-158-56. Prejudiced (compound).
XVIII. 12-96-120-11-7-170-150-21-68-174. Significant, unusual.
XIX. 87-141-171-161-67-20-10-126. Not propitious.
XX. 177-99-152-163-108-115. Member of the tribe of Levi.
XXI. 42-88-26-159-49-91. Doodle dandy.
XXII. 22-71-151-118-131-147-38-94-160-29. Watchword (Bibl.)
XXIII. 109-86-132-124-72-117-123-178. Uttered a harsh sound.
XXIV. 157-44-93-53-166-18-35-103. Forceful.
XXV. 156-154-74-169-70-57. To stop the flow.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
XVII. _____
XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____
XXIII. _____
XXIV. _____
XXV. _____

NOTICE

This is the first of a series of ingenious literary puzzles invented by Elizabeth S. Kingsley for *The Saturday Review*. A new puzzle will be published each week, and the answer to the previous puzzle will appear regularly in this space. Let us know if the DIRECTIONS are clear. And after you have solved several of the puzzles we should like to know whether you think them too hard or too easy—our DEFINITIONS will be governed accordingly! Write to THE PUZZLE EDITOR, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 596)

the fundamental "stoutness" and rightness of the beef-and-beer Briton, he tells the tale of a war-neurosis in an interesting way and he can certainly write a readable story. The mechanics of Forrester's recital are pretty creaky, but we don't care much, in that what we are reading is essentially light or railroad-train fiction. Mr. Cowen has a dramatic sense and makes the most of it. He is the mystery story writer with a difference. Lynd Ward's illustrations don't help very much. We know the people didn't look like that, and Ward is better at woodcuts. The Great War details are convincing because Mr. Cowen experienced a great deal of active service, being decorated for his part in his squadron's charge.

The publishers stress the horror element in the book, but this reviewer did not find it horrifying, perhaps because it was meant to be just that. He did find the descriptions of Fenton's final states of mind rather impressive and moving, entangled in grim humor. One of the Hartmans also makes a most convincing spy; one of the few spies we have read about in whom we believed. "The Man with Four Lives" ought to make a good "talkie" and probably will. But the writer seems to have possibilities beyond that, if he can find them.

W. R. B.

THE LEANING TOWER. By Fred Rothermell. Day. 1934. $2.50.

Forcing a sham parallelism where none really exists, Mr. Rothermell compares the home life of Paul De Muth, the central character of this novel, with the professional life of the same Paul who is the architect of the seventy-two story Aztec Tower, in mid-town New York. In his family relationships Paul is beaten by his own self-indulgence and weakness; in his relationship to the Tower, Paul is also a failure, for the foundations of the building are insecure, and one corner begins to sag and buckle. This parallelism is unreasonable, promoted for the sake of pattern in the novel. It defeats itself, for each of the two lines of narrative weakens the other. Paul's squabbles with his family and his efforts to escape from himself are only banal reworkings of domestic stupidities in a hundred recent novels; this family theme stultifies and enervates the really excellent descriptions of the construction and the threatened collapse of the Tower. And from the opposite point of view, the steel and stone reality of the Tower dwarfs even further Paul's romantic wailings and his family's shallow selfishness.

It is possible to read this novel merely for the story of the Tower, for the impressive accumulation of technical detail. There is excitement in the struggle to keep to the building syndicate's time schedule, and dramatic tenseness as the Tower begins to give way. This is good stuff; it is worth the effort necessary to disentangle it from the sterility of the rest.

R. B. M.

MR. ZOUCH: SUPERMAN. By Anthony Powell. Vanguard. 1934. $2.

The English reviewers have dusted off the thesaurus again, and maybe they are right. This sort of novel is pretty much a matter of taste; an attempt to go Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies" one better, "Mr. Zouch" will amuse some, seem flat to others. It depends partly on what you think is funny; and partly on how much of it you've heard before. Mr. Zouch is a young artist whose superhumanity consists of an elaborately systematized unconventionality. In the milieu of an English country house, he naturally excites contrasts. To this reviewer the novel seemed extravagant without hilarity, mannered without subtlety.

G. S.

Juvenile

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Pictured by Ingri & Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $1.75.

Only one in four of the large pages of this handsome volume is given up to text, and even these pages contain only a few words each. The production is essentially a picture book, with most of the illustrations in color within a gold border. This is as it should be. A child religiously inclined—there are doubtless some still—will enjoy the double character of the book. Such a child may be interested in tracing the pictorial interpretation of the phrase illustrated. A more worldly child may be no less interested in regarding the volume as simply a gorgeous picture book, interrupted here and there, though not seriously, by a page containing pure reading matter. The illustrations, rich as they are, present for the most part homely scenes—children's play, a lunch on a table out of doors and the like, with a suitable accompaniment of rabbits, lambs, dogs, and other four-footed pets. The other illustrations are frankly religious. In the scenes of every-day life a child with any imagination at all will see not a picture alone but a story—and a story the more welcome for being familiar.

Psychology

HUMAN NATURE. A Guide to Its Understanding. By Judson Rea Butler. Greenberg. 1934. $2.

It seems hardly fair to take a familiar principle, such as conditioned response, association, and redintegration, call it "partial identity," and set forth that it takes the mystery out of psychology. Apart from this mislead, this little book is a readable account of the ways of mind, eclectically selected.

J. J.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Bamboo Broom. H. G. Henderson. Houghton. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Crime Reporter. G. du Parcq. McBride. $2.

FOREIGN

Ormand Godoy. P. S. Pasquali. Paris: Romanes.

GOVERNMENT

Towards National Recovery. Ed. E. M. Patterson. Phila., Pa.: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

HISTORY

The French Revolution. T. Carlyle. Modern Library. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

Pad and Pencil Puzzles. G. Lloyd. Crowell. $1. *Bartenders' Manual.* H. Johnson. Newark, N. J.: Graham. *Careers for Women.* C. Filene. Houghton. $3. *Tomorrow's Money.* F. A. Vanderlip. Reynal. $2. *Dr. Little's Dog Book.* G. W. Little. McBride. $3. *Aristocrats of the Flower Border.* C. A. Phillips. Scribners. $3.50. *Criminal Law in Action.* J. B. Waite. Sears. $3. *Daylilies.* A. B. Stout. Macmillan. $3. *Bulfinch's Mythology.* T. Bulfinch. Modern Library. $1.

PAMPHLETS

The Monetary Theories of Warren and Pearson. W. E. Spahr. Farrar. 25 cents. *Nature and Life.* A. N. Whitehead. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 50 cents. *Economic Nationalism and Problems of the South.* P. Molyneaux. Dallas, Tex.: Southern Methodist Univ. *Some Observations on a Sound Monetary System.* J. Mill. *From Debt to Prosperity.* J. C. Larkin. New York: New Economics Group, 55 Fifth Avenue. 10 cents. *The Best English.* H. C. Wyld. Oxford Univ. Pr.

RELIGION

Jesus of Nazareth. A. J. Reynolds. Doran: Fowler-Metzger-Aley. $3.

SCIENCE

Creation's Doom. D. Papp. Appleton. $3.

TRAVEL

The World's Stage: Oberammergau, 1934. R. T. Fuller. McBride. $1.

WE'VE HEARD DENUNCIATIONS

and maudlin defenses of the Stein and her art but this is the first logical analysis of her contribution to literature we've had the pleasure of perusing. We refer to Sherwood Anderson's

GERTRUDE STEIN

in the *April* AMERICAN SPECTATOR. Or, leaving Gertrude, take the Puritans. Gustavus Myers does some denouncing of his own, this time of Hawthorne, who, he says, distorted the facts about our ancestral blue-noses. But read, in the *April* AMERICAN SPECTATOR,

HAWTHORNE AND THE MYTHS ABOUT PURITANS

or, making a swing to the left, read Aldous Huxley's article based on the fundamental that "The strongest oaths are straw to the fire i' the blood." It's a discussion of the psychological factors underlying Nazism. Look for, in the *April* AMERICAN SPECTATOR,

ALYPIUS IN A BROWN SHIRT

and, speaking of dictators, we know you will enjoy Katharine Anthony's

WOMEN UNDER DICTATORSHIPS

also in the April issue. And, aspiring writers, who seek to scale the walls of a living-by-literature, hearken to James Branch Cabell's dicta on

WRITING WITHOUT TEARS

and, music lovers, learn, in this same issue, the intricacies of the Gatti game from Kay Dell Shivers'

THE SPHINX OF THE METROPOLITAN

and, one and all, read C. Hartley Grattan's satirical crystal-gazing piece,

CAPITALISM COLLAPSES

In this same issue, too, is a witty titbit called

WISCONSIN PLAY MARBLES

* * *

P. S. If we have persuaded you that your literary life blood depends on the prompt receipt of your copy of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR monthly, send us $1.25 for your year's subscription, or if you're a furriner, $1.75 in stamps, cash, or check.

P. P. S. Send us a three-cent stamp for that conversion copy of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR. Or, better, rush to the nearest newsstand for your copy of the above hymn-sung *April* issue which may be had for one sparkling dime. (10c)

The Editors

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
ERNEST BOYD
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
JAMES BRANCH CABELL
and EUGENE O'NEILL

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR
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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GOING PLACES? LET GEORGE ROSS be your guide. Whatever your palate, your purse, and your personality demand in drink, dining, or diversion—you'll find the right place to go, and know exactly what it will cost, in George Ross's book, "Tips on Tables." $2.50 at all bookstores and published by Covici-Friede, New York.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

EASTER VACATION; $2 per day, incl. excellent meals; bath, all modern conven., tennis, riding, canoes; run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

WIDOW, lonesome, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, wealthy, residing in New York, Philadelphia or New Jersey, philanthropic, may write Peter Hamilton.

SIX ROOM furnished apartment overlooking Morningside Park, quiet, high and cool. Available May to September, $75 a month. C.

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"NOT A BRAIN IN A CARLOAD OF SKULLS," a lady recently wrote about her human environment. After joining CONTACTS, correspondence club for mentally marooned ladies and gentlemen, she enthusiastically reports having gained dozens of intelligent correspondents. Send 3c stamp for Prospectus 2C. CONTACTS. Box 91, Station D, N. Y. C.

WANTED: Man, single or widower under fifty years as manager and partner with woman in select boarding school and camp. Fond of children, educated, refined, healthy and with all-round ability. Financial investment unessential. Box 592.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent young lady in vicinity of Elmira, N. Y. would appreciate the companionship of an unattached gentleman (35-45) who enjoys conversation, dancing, contract, motoring, golf. Box 593.

TEACHER—short, stout, and jolly desires correspondence and friendship with unattached, Christian gentleman of 35 to 45 years. Hilda Gruen, General Delivery, Darby, Pa.

OFT HAVE I wished to "do" New York. Would that somebody cheery and nice would be my guide! Merry belle.

WILL some cultured young woman of Buffalo correspond with a professional man of thirty-five who longs for a chance to escape from himself occasionally? Frederick.

GENTLEMAN desires companionship of disciplined, forward looking men. Hobbies: driving, psychology, reading aloud, typing, German, music. Box 594.

YOUNG MAN IN THE WEST, twenty-six, writing ability, experienced bookkeeper-stenographer, wants job preferably with writer; will go almost anywhere, New York or vicinity preferred. Box 595, Sat. Rev.

COLLEGE MAN, 32 bored with leisure, will work free to kill time. Box 596.

AMERICAN, condemned by present employment to undue portion loneliness, seeks correspondence young woman congenial tastes New York area. Interested in literature, economics, social justice. Enjoy outdoor life, theatre, dancing. Mostly fairly serious. Single, Gentile, 36. Box 597.

GOURMET WANTED. Young woman working way through French Cookbook wants man to contribute spices, wines. Eat. Box 598.

CHICAGO-MALE 29. Many thoughts but no skeleton, desires contact with mental philanthropist to acquire einheitliche Weltanschauung. Can offer fragmentary logic, and philosophy, no financial returns. Working for living, not time at pleasure, prefer therefore correspondence. Box 599.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WIDOW, gentile, desires companionship of gentleman over forty-five. Object: To talk volubly, to listen not infrequently, to lay the monster Loneliness very low indeed. Thirty-four.

COLLEGE STUDENTS! Short stories, verse, essays wanted for new quarterly, APPROACH, devoted solely to the writings of college students. Publication only compensation. Send Mss. to William McCue, London Terrace, West 23rd St., New York City.

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The Age of Innocence

ANYONE who today entered a second-hand bookshop and offered the proprietor a parcel of first editions comprising "Tom Sawyer Abroad," "The Deerslayer," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Snow-Bound," Emerson's "Dartmouth Oration of 1838," and Melville's "Battle-Pieces," all six for ten dollars on the spot, take it or leave it—such an one would forthwith find ten dollars thrust upon him and himself hustled out upon the sidewalk before the dream fell apart. If the proprietor were not altogether of this high-strung type, he might retain sufficient aplomb to ask, "Have you got any more like these?" Conceivably, under such suasion, the visitor might return next day with "Wessex Poems," "Some Chinese Ghosts," and "A Woman of No Importance" offered as a lot, and taken without haggling, at nine-fifty. If he returned yet again with Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Wyndham Towers," Bryant's "The Song of the Sower," Holmes's "Soundings from the Atlantic," and Longfellow's "Ultima Thule" for seven dollars, the bookseller might offer him fifty cents in gratitude for past favors, but probably he would not. More likely he would exclaim: "Ultima Thule yourself! Impostor, out of my establishment! You were a good egg when you had them, but the pitcher has gone too often to the well, and the wheel is broken at the cistern."

The sequence of incidents just recited is—who would have believed it?—hypothetical. The statistics are specific, accurate, documented. They have been extracted, at considerable heart's anguish to the extractor, from P. K. Foley's Catalogue No. 9, issued at Boston about the time the country in general and the leaders of what was then affectionately known as the G. O. P. in particular were wondering whether Governor Theodore Roosevelt of New York would submit to being tucked into the vice-presidency and forgotten—to wit, in May, 1900. Mr. Foley has frequently been celebrated in these columns, and the celebrations are likely to continue. He himself is the finest adducible testimony to the truth that the technique of the bookseller and the technique of the bibliographer are by no means incompatible. It has taken forty years or so for the world to concede this axiom. Two copies of Foley's "American Authors 1795-1895" changed hands during the last auction season at $40 and $31 respectively; in May, 1900, when his invaluable manual was five years old, Mr. Foley seemed to be having a hard time getting himself out of copies. He devoted the back cover of Catalogue No. 9 to a notice of his book at five dollars a copy. Things were not much better in October, for he repeated the notice on the back wrapper of Catalogue No. 10. I have not seen No. 11, but there is no mention of "American Authors" in No. 12 (November, 1902); presumably all five hundred copies had by that time been absorbed.

My set of Mr. Foley's turn-of-the-century catalogues consists of Nos. 1-16 inclusive with the exception of Nos. 1-8, 11, and 14. Not only is it incomplete, but it is not my set. It is the property of James A. Tyson of Providence, whose compact third-floor bookshop at Westminster and Empire Streets is one of the pleasantest shrines of bibliophily in New England. There's a bookseller for you—what he won't sell you he'll lend you. Could there be a more elementary road to the acquisition of a library?

Well, to have bought Mr. Foley's books at Mr. Foley's prices in the Era of the Big Stick was little more expensive than borrowing them. Glance for an instant at Catalogue No. 15—October, 1903. Here is "Looking Backward" at $1.50, Bryant's "Poems" of 1821 at $27.50, "Uncle Remus" at $2, "The Man Without a Country" at $3, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" at $6, "The Scarlet Letter" at $25, "The Autocrat" at $10, "Hiawatha" at $4, "Sir Launfal" at $35, "Ben-Hur" at $3, and "Leaves of Grass" (just a moment, Mr. Goldsmith—I am writing about 1903) at $100.

There were collecting plugs then as there are collecting plugs now—a few of them have been listed. But in the generation since October, 1903, the collectible authors and the collectible books have emerged and taken station on their predestined pedestals. Speculation in first editions did not achieve this eminence for them; they have earned their places by virtue of definitive critical acceptance and the tremendous increase in the number of collectors. J. T. W.

Points

A THIRTY-TWO page green-wrappered pamphlet which recently reached your correspondent's desk is emblazoned with the proud intelligence: "The first catalogue from the book shop of David A. Randall." That, these days, *is* news. It is, one may hope, good news. It is, at any rate, a good catalogue—a catalogue which lists a multitude of books that rarely win their way into the market, and describes them competently and accurately. Mr. Randall's address, it is fair to point out, is 480 Lexington Avenue, New York.

There are certain items of impressive bibliographical moment in this Randallian first-fruit. A few of them are here summarized in detail for insertion as marginalia by collectors and booksellers in their copies of Merle Johnson's "American First Editions":

ROBERT FROST. *Mountain Interval.* New York [1916]. On page 88 a line of the text is duplicated in the first issue. In the second issue a cancel leaf is inserted at pp. 87-88. In the third issue this leaf is an integral part of the signature.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. American Rhodes *Scholars. Oxford,* 1910-1913. N.p., n.d., but Oxford, 1913. Contains biographical accounts of contemporary Rhodes scholars and seven other contributions, four of which are by Mr. Morley. This item appeared only a year after Mr. Morley's first book, "The Eighth Sin." Also *Contemporary War Poems,* New York, 1914, containing what is probably Mr. Morley's first appearance in a book in America—"Peasant and King," subsequently (1917) included in "Songs for a Little House."

ELINOR WYLIE. *Incidental Numbers.* London, 1912. The author's first book. None of the contents were ever reprinted.

The inclusion of data of such importance (the descriptions are here much condensed) is alone sufficient to make a catalogue notable.

J. T. W.

Collectors' Bi-Monthly

THE BOOK COLLECTOR'S PACKET. Number 16. Woodstock, N. Y.: Paul Johnston.

THIS small bi-monthly is exceptionally well printed in a format which has much mellowness. The type is linotype Janson, with the display in a quiet key. The current number is written in a spunky style: the editor has apparently been annoyed by Mr. Garnett's article on hand-press printing in the *Dolphin,* and takes exception to it. It is refreshing to see good rousing criticism (though I side with Mr. Garnett!) and I hope that Mr. Johnston will keep it up. We have too little intelligent difference of opinion. R.

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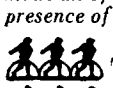
. . . NIJINSKY
"Eighth Wonder of the World"

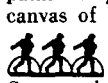
"Suddenly a slim, lithe, cat-like Harlequin took the stage. Although his face was hidden by a painted mask, the expression and beauty of his body made all of us realize that we were in the presence of genius."



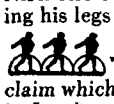
This was NIJINSKY. . . .

"NIJINSKY brings with him . . . the triumphant leap, the victory of breath over weight. . . . He falls again, as a king comes down, and once more he darts away like an eagle, like an arrow snapping from a crossbow of its own accord. For a second the soul carries the body, the vestment becomes a flame, and matter has passed. He traverses the stage like lightning and hardly has turned away, when he is back on us like a thunderbolt. . . ."

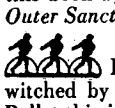
"Here is the great human creature in its lyric state, interrupting our savage dance like a god. He paints our passions on the canvas of eternity. ."



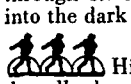
The Inner Sanctum has occasionally spoken of dancing in the streets for books of the first magnitude . . . books like *The Story of Philosophy . . . The Art of Thinking . . . Bambi, A Life in the Woods . . . Men of Art . . . Little Man, What Now? . The First World War. . . .* Today of all days it would require an *entre-chat-dix* in the manner of NIJINSKY himself to do justice to his life story, set down by his wife, ROMOLA NIJINSKY. That was the step that only NIJINSKY could do, crossing and uncrossing his legs ten times in mid-air. . .



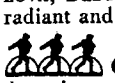
The spectacular critical acclaim which *Nijinsky* has already enjoyed in London gives substance and sanction to the exclamatory and breathless outcries which have marked the reading of this book by everyone in *The Inner and Outer Sancta.*



Even for persons not bewitched by the glamor of The Imperial Ballet this is a story of the deepest intensity. The genius of NIJINSKY at its full bloom made him the idol af all Europe. His slightest whim created a fashion for two continents, and his art passed through stormy, tremendous triumphs—into the dark realms of madness.



His biography is only accidentally the story of a dancer; actually it is the convincing and melodramatic story of a genius—told with all his wife's love of him and all her understanding of his great art. It reveals one of the strangest of all love triangles—ROMOLA NIJINSKY'S eventually triumphant struggle to win NIJINSKY away from his evil genius, the suave, Svengalian DIAGHILEFF. Figures like FOKINE, BAKST, STRAVINSKY, PAVLOVA, DEBUSSY, KARSAVINA populate its radiant and tumultuous pages. . . .



On, to coin a phrase, with the dance!

—ESSANDESS.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The motto of Trade Winds, thought of by the Querci when copy is due, is in Book I of the *Æneid:* PRAESTAT COMPONERE VENTOS, The important thing is to compose the Winds. ☞ Further note for the Eventual Recension of the Jules Verne translations: p. 138 of *The Mysterious Island,* the old Scribner edition, Martha's Vineyard is not in N. Y. State but in Massachusetts. ☞Quercus is grieved to hear of the end of the famous *Vossische Zeitung,* Berlin's grandest old newspaper. If any of its editors migrate over here, hope they'll write something for the SATURDAY REVIEW. ☞The Querci are all delighted to note the enthusiastic reception accorded their Favorite Book This Spring, Dorothy Sayers's *The Nine Tailors.* In honor of the Publication Day a Madison Avenue maitre d'hotel invented the *Treble Bob Major,* a very agreeable cocktail. The formula will be supplied by Quercus to those who send in a jacket of the book. ☞William Targ of the Black Archer Press, Chicago, has compiled a pamphlet *999 Books Worth Reading.* ☞Doubleday, Doran are reprinting Booth Tarkington's earlier novels in a "One-by-One" Edition at $1.50 each. ☞Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, is going to carve a 600-word summary of American history on the granite cliffs of Mount Rushmore, S. D., and the Hearst newspapers implore their readers ("people who think") to submit contributions. ☞Mr. Hearst with his usual sagacity offers good advice. "The inscription will withstand the ravages of time for 1,600,000 years. . . . Do not hurry your manuscript." ☞*The mountain is perhaps inappropriately named.* ☞Speaking of large promontories, Mr. Jimmy Drake of Jas. F. Drake, Inc., has a new idea for slimming: every morning he throws a pack of cards on the bedroom floor and picks them all up (including the joker) one by one. ☞This he says is psychologically much more satisfying than just doing stoops without motive. ☞Medium Quercus was greatly thrilled to receive from that vigorous magazine *Advertising and Selling* a Grand Prix award for his part in the masterful analysis of *Ulysses* in the double-page spread in the SAT. REVIEW not long ago. ☞The award itself was a pot of Stilton Cheese cured in port wine, and was enjoyed by the whole Quercus staff at a luncheon conference.

☞The Modern Library celebrates the spring with a Giant Bulfinch: viz., a new edition of the good old Bulfinch's *Mythology.* ☞112 bookshops in New York City have the SATURDAY REVIEW on sale every week. Also the Promotion Department has compiled a little Honor List of the 30 bookstores outside New York who lead the country in S. R. L. sales. The P. D. will gladly send this exciting list to any serious-minded inquirer. ☞Katherine B., of W. W. Norton & Co., is disturbed at our spelling Guy Fawkes *Guy Faux.* She exclaims:—

I see within your column stalks
A Faux pas for our good Guy Fawkes
For I don't think it's really so
A plot was hatched by one Guy Faux!

☞Among the spring books of the University of Pennsylvania Press (3622 Locust Street, Philadelphia) we like the sound of *The Hispaniola Treasure* by Cyrus H. Karraker ($2.00), a historical account of Henry Phip's location of the sunken galleon off St. Domingo in 1687.

☞Miss Leura Bevis, incunabula expert from Dawson's Bookshop, Los Angeles, returned to the Coast after a lively buying trip to N. Y. She was much elated—though it hardly rates as incunabulum—to have found a copy of H. L. Mencken's *Ventures into Verse.* ☞Quercus was startled to learn that the D'Aulaire illustrated *Lord's Prayer* exists in two editions, one Catholic and one Protestant. It appears that the final phrase of the Prayer, "For Thine is the Kingdom," etc., is not accepted in the Catholic canon. This would lead Old Erring Quercus into doctrinal discussion for which he has no equipment. *The Lord's Prayer,* in either edition, is the only book we have ever seen the entire text of which is shorter than the jacket blurb.

☞One of the few warm days in early March brought out at least one book-peddler. We hadn't seen any on the streets since last summer. This one was on 44th St., just below the Harvard Club. He had three cartons, empty but with books balanced on ropes criss-crossed over the tops—one good kick and the books would fall into the cartons, ready to carry off at the approach of the law. He had only a small stock; and in the few minutes we watched, he sold four books, all of them (3 John Erskines and a Louis Bromfield) to an elderly gentleman who couldn't have been a stooge. The salesman had a good line of talk, proclaiming among other things that the Erskine titles were all "bound in the same uniform"—a fresh variant, it seemed to us, of a well worn phrase.

☞Quercus notes with interest the listing of *Ulysses* in Pete Howe's best-seller list (*Book Business,* March 14). The bookstores consulted place *Ulysses* among the fiction titles; the American News Co. lists it as non-fiction. If the News Company were to classify all autobiographical novels as non-fiction, there would be a heavy reduction in the fiction category. ☞Memorandum to Bennett Cerf: have the sales of *Ulysses* picked up since the announcement that Judge Woolsey's decision is to be appealed?

☞Mr. John Macrae, Jr. writes us to announce a prize contest on Ethel Boileau's *A Gay Family,* the new edition of which was recently remarked upon in this department. The publishers offer a prize of $25 in books to the person who can best explain why *A Gay Family,* having failed to sell when published last September, picked up this spring with a new advertising campaign (but the same type of advertising as originally used), and sold seven printings in two months. ☞The contest closes May 1, but Tertius is ready to send in his solution now, viz: that 270 lines of advertising have been run in *The Saturday Review* this spring on *A Gay Family,* as compared with 96 lines on this book last fall.

SUFFERING
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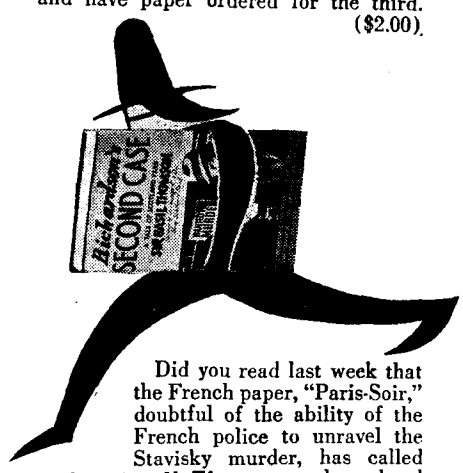
Last week we told you how sensational had been the reception of **HARRIET** abroad. But have you seen what they're saying about it now in this country? For instance, Alexander Woollcott writes in *The New Yorker:* "This absorbing novel deserves to stand on the shelf of the elect alongside Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' *'The Lodger.'"* Then Terence Holliday, expert vender of the best in new novels, says (in the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*), **"Elizabeth Jenkins** has explored the depth of human depravity in these ordinary people with courage, candor and a rare sense of proportion, without overemphasis or sensational artifice." Some one else suggests a new simile—"As relentless as **HARRIET.**" We've already printed two large editions, and have paper ordered for the third. ($2.00)



Did you read last week that the French paper, "Paris-Soir," doubtful of the ability of the French police to unravel the Stavisky murder, has called in **Sir Basil Thomson,** long head of Scotland Yard? Sir Basil is the author of **RICHARDSON'S SECOND CASE,** a novel about a murder scandal that shocked all England, and the new adventure of one of today's most attractive young detective creations, young P. C. Richardson. ($2.00)

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